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Selections.

SPEECHES AT ABINGTON.

From The Liberator.

SPEECH OF REV. T. W. HIGGINSON.

Mr. Chairman: I feel like the school-boy who hears the school-bell ring unexpectedly—but here I am. I heard a part of Mr. Foss's speech. You know in these meetings each speaker is expected to take his text from his predecessor; and how can I, a humble labourer in this field, do better than take my text from the man who is of such devout and very reverend demeanour that when, a while ago, I had the good fortune to induce him to occupy my pulpit, and went out with him into the street, the people asked what Episcopal Doctor of Divinity I had got to honour me with his society! (Laughter.) I heard him say a thing which I suppose we shall all say in our turn, that this is a great day—a great day, and a great meeting to match it. There are several reasons why it is a great day. I happened upon a new historical fact recently, which perhaps you do not generally know. I met a man a year ago—a good little German Jew—who was going to New York to attend, he told me, the Anniversary of the Creation of the World; and I found the Jews knew all about that, and had kept that anniversary, I suppose, from the year one. So I have the pleasure to inform you that the first of August is not only the anniversary of the emancipation of slavery in the West Indies, but also of the day, Mr. Chairman, when Satan originally fell from heaven. The first of August Satan fell from heaven; and thinking that the matter had not gone far enough, they afterwards had a meeting in the West Indies, and pitched him out of hell (cheers). It was Dr. Chapin, I think, who said, in New York, that "the best kind of pick-nick a man can take hold of is a pick at Old Nick" (laughter). I go for taking a pick at him as often as possible.

It does me good, Mr. Chairman, to be here. I have not, it is true, got the hang of this school-house, but I have got the hang of these school-fellows. It is a good thing for a man to be here who has been condemned to pass eight months in a solitary island that hangs like a teacup in the Atlantic ocean, where they never had a public meeting and never had but one paper and one printing press, and that they threw into the water. Think of a Yankee passing eight months in such a place as that! It is a hard thing, I tell you; but, hard as it is, it is worth all it costs to realize what home is; and if, as I hope is the case with all of you, home means freedom—wherever free hearts beat—then home is doubly dear; dear in its peace and prosperity—dearer for its sorrows and its dangers. There is another advantage in a residence in a foreign land, or a land that is half foreign—that it puts you far off; you have things at arm's length; you see things as they are. The miserable superstitions that confine you at home—the reverence for "men of property and standing" in Boston, for men of political power at Washington—all vanish, when you get a few thousand miles of ocean between you and America; and you learn what the true America is, and you care to hear of that and that only, and, therefore, you read the Boston *Liberator*, because that means what in America is best and noblest. You weigh America against Europe; and I tell you, you can hardly realize, without such experience, how little the events of Europe seem compared with those going on around us now. A single meeting of Abolitionists in some country school-house, where our friends Foss and Pillsbury labour so devotedly, a single gathering of a handful of Abolitionists anywhere in this Union, becomes more momentous to you, more full of prediction of the future, than all the petty manœuverings of politicians in London and Paris, Vienna and St. Petersburg. The war in Kansas seems infinitely more than the war in the Crimea; and you wonder at the glittering baubles for which men play at public life in Europe, when only here is the battle worth fighting, the only work worthy to be done. O, my friends, it was strange to me when there came from across the ocean, borne by the twin winds that sometimes blow there the same day, from east to west—it was strange to me when there came one day the news from Paris on one side, and the news from Boston on the other, to turn from the petty records of the birth and baby-clothes of the Imperial infant of Paris—all the royalty of Europe aroused at midnight to salute its coming—to turn from all that mockery of a day to the realities that were occurring here; to that one poor, hunted, robbed, defrauded woman, that Margaret Garner in Cincinnati, of whom my *Liberator* was full; to read of her before that Slave Court in Cincinnati, with our own Lucy Stone—noble as ever—by her side (cheers). What a contrast was there! A few centuries, and time will utterly sweep away the memory of that new despot of Europe; it will lie very low among the Cushings and Curtises of our own land; but that deep instinct of humanity, which remembers nothing of Roman history so clearly as the story of Virginius and his daughter, will cling forever to the name of Margaret Garner, and will not forget the name of her who stood in that dark hour by her side (loud applause).

My friends, I want to congratulate you on living in a land of realities; in a land where people are living in earnest. I am glad to meet you in a place where people come to talk of living in earnest. When I came back to this country, a pilot came on board to take charge of the ship. Now, a pilot has three duties. The first is to pilot the ship into the harbour; the second, not to speak a word to the passengers; and the third, to have a newspaper in his pocket. I got hold of the newspaper, and the first sentence I looked at had the whole story of Kansas and the assault on Charles Sumner, all done up in a piece of paper about as big as a bullet—and it smote me down about as quick as a bullet. You remember that Horace Mann said, on one occasion, "I was smitten down, as Paul was, though the light and the voice came from another direction" (laughter). So it was with me. I could not help speaking to the pilot; and he opened his mouth just to say that he had never seen such excitement among the people. I went up State street, and found all the Sauls among the prophets (laughter). The first broker I met asked me when a Convention would be held for a dissolution of the Union. I told him I did not know, but the sooner the better. I tried again and again to feel the sentiment of the people, and all seemed agreed. Still, I did not trust State street; I had seen that teapot agitated a good many times, and I knew that, like Jack Downing's thermometer, it would bear a good many more tempests before it would boil over (laughter). I went to Worcester, and tried the thermometer there, and I found it, as I expected, at blood-heat; and Worcester and I have been there ever since.

Mr. Chairman, I found, whatever might have been the past excitement, there was fresher cause of excitement, though the old great cause was behind it. It taught me no new lesson. I had studied the thing too long, and under too able teachers, to be astonished by what I saw. It was only the gradual drawing, step by step, sin by sin, act by act, of the great drama of a nation's Union and Disunion nearer to an end. That was all; but that was much. How much much that is! Have you looked lately at the early history of the American Revolution? If you have not, I advise you to do so. Take the Diary of John Adams, or Frothingham's "Siege of Boston"—the best picture of the early years of the Revolution—and you will start back astonished to see how precisely, step by step, the earlier Revolution indicates and predicts the newer one that is coming upon us now. The same events, the same men, the same division of parties, only with new modifications of initials and details, and that is all. You find the same strange ignorance on the part of the people that there was any Revolution at all. Why, if you had taken a vote of the people, the day after the fight at Concord or at Lexington, or even at Bunker Hill, to see whether they expected the Revolution was coming or not, they would have answered no. Even after the Bunker Hill fight, which seems to us about the middle of the conflict, we find leading men expressing the opinion that there would be no separation, after all. Instead of somebody going round and announcing to all the world, "Oyez, Oyez, there is a revolution coming!" we find that men are half way in a revolution before they know what is going on; just as even now, when the state of affairs is such that future historians will wonder that there was one man in the Union who could think the crisis could be avoided, we find men who look round in the midst of the impending crash, and say, like the man in the time of the flood to Noah, "Go along with your ark; it isn't going to be much of a shower" (laughter). And you find in other points the same analogy between the old Revolution and the new one. You find the same caution in taking any positive action; the same willingness to submit even to outrages before taking such a step; even the same fact of arms and ammunition being taken away from the friends of liberty; you find the same shrinking back on the part of commercial and professional men, the same urging forward on the part of farmers and mechanics and a portion of the clergy. You find at every point analogies between the old and the new; and that is enough to show you, if you have not thought of it before, what a crisis is impending. And then, when you look deeper, and compare the principles of the old and the new, you see that there are no two nations in Europe whose antagonism of principles is at all comparable to the conflict of principles going on in this country, which makes revolution. Revolution begins in antagonism. Here is a principle and there is a principle, and they meet, and have got to meet, and that makes revolution. There is no such conflict of principles in all Europe as in this country. There is no such antagonism between England and Russia as between Massachusetts and South Carolina. There is no such spirit of freedom on one side as reigns on this platform; there is no such spirit of slavery on the other as reigns among the constituents of Mr. Brooks. There is no such contending conflict as ours, because there are no such principles to contend. We have got a spirit of slavery such as the world has never seen, and we must take the consequences of that; a spirit of freedom, also, such as the world has never seen, and we have got to take the consequences of that. You all know what slavery is; you all know, too, what freedom is among us now. Once there was a man who had a horse a little out of health, and he sent him to Vermont to recruit, and by and by the Vermonter who had the horse under his care came down to Boston to see the man who owned him. The man said to him, "How is my horse? He was doing very badly before I sent him to you, and I feared he had a lingering disorder." "Yes," said the Vermonter; "the fact is he has been lingering *amazing fast* lately." That is our condition; freedom is "lingering *amazing fast*." It is getting amazingly into the back-ground, even now, when we thought that it had gone so far back that it could go no further, except to sink into the earth and die. Deeper yet we have got to have this terrible warning of God ploughed into us, before we feel it, calloused as we are by our politics and our commerce. We have got to learn, by the brutal hand at Washington, the lessons which the more adroit and subtle injuries of politicians have not taught before. It is amusing to see how men who have gone on for years without discovering that slavery was barbarism, in their midst, have wakened suddenly to the fact with the assault on Mr. Sumner. Was that anything new, or what they never could have anticipated? I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but I remember saying, some time ago, that we were rapidly lapsing into that condition of barbarism when each man would have to rely on his own right hand for defence. Has not the event proved the correctness of the prophecy? I acknowledge that the Slave Power is a little more acute than we are even in this, and contrives to attack us when our right hands are confined behind a desk, and cannot serve us. That assault on Mr. Sumner, however, has done more than all the outrages of the Slave Power put together to divide this Union, and for this reason: men will bear an injury to their principles or their interests more easily than a wrong done to their pride. I shall not enter upon any detailed remarks on that assault; but one thing I must say, in regard to a matter which grew out of that assault. Mr. Burlingame stands very differently now from what he did a few weeks ago. We all believe now that his character as a man of courage is vindicated. There is something, however, for which Mr. Burlingame has yet to account to Massachusetts. It is not merely his readiness to fight a duel—newspapers and speakers enough have spoken of that—it is something else. I saw in a newspaper, only to-day, that Mr. Burlingame had conferred this final good upon the world—he had settled, in the eyes of all men forever, that Brooks was a coward. What I complain of Mr. Burlingame for is that he injured Massachusetts, he injured freedom, he injured honour, by admitting, for a single instant, that that was a thing yet left open to be proved, after the assault upon Mr. Sumner. I charge it upon Mr. Burlingame that he has departed from the rules of the very barbarous code he claims to recognise, in for a moment entertaining the thought of meeting such a man as Brooks on equal terms. There never was a time in history, however barbarous, there never was a code, calling itself a code of honour, that recognised the claim of a man who had done what Brooks has to meet men of honour on equal terms again—never! In the lowest days of chivalry, there was never a knight so brutal and blood-thirsty that he would have met a man like Brooks in equal conflict on the field. A different doom was reserved for men of his stamp. No matter what the man might have been; if he had been knighted by Bayard himself, if he had won his spurs on the cloth of gold, if he was found guilty of such an act, his golden spurs would have been hewn from his heels by the common hangman, and he would have been cast out from the society of honourable men. I tell you, men were so cast out; but in these times, even our Burlingame and Wilson, in denouncing such men, leave this fact out of sight, and recognise them as gallant men! Mr. Burlingame said he saw some sparks of gallantry in Mr. Brooks. I say it is a foul slander on chivalry to say that that chivalrous age would have tolerated such a man as Brooks. Therefore I complain of Mr. Burlingame that he has done for Brooks what Johnson said was done for a low fellow in his time. There was a man in London named Foote—a blackguard fellow; I suppose his friends saw some "sparks of gallantry" in him. One day foot met Foote; he was publicly kicked. Dr. Johnson expressed the utmost astonishment. Said he, "the man is rising in his position. A week ago, there was not a man who would have stooped to kick him" (laughter). Mr. Burlingame, recognising Brooks as a man of honour, shows me into what a state of barbarism slavery has brought us, and how far men have lost the old simple sense of liberty and honour.

There is another side to this picture, however, Mr. Chairman. Side by side with this dark degradation, going on for years, there has been a high and glorious principle erecting itself—a principle as unexampled on its side as the baseness of slavery is upon the other. If there has been nothing in the history of the world so base as our slavery, point me, sir, to anything in the world as noble, with all its faults, as the anti-slavery movement, of which we count it an honour if we may ever be the humblest part. Show me, among those countless revolutions which the patriotism of mankind has achieved for itself, one where a race has toiled through a revolution like that which is going on here, for another race of mankind—a race deemed inferior, outcast, oppressed, demanding disinterestedness and self-devotion, not of its own, but of the more favoured and privileged race, which finds it at last its highest privilege to aid the weakest, the most ignorant! I know of nothing like it. We have seen abundant instances of men laying down all that men held dear for their own ultimate good—for the good of their own families, their own nation, their own race. Show me an instance where an individual or a race has done what many here have done from the beginning, laying down ease, prosperity, popularity, power, all that most men sell their lives for, not for the freedom of their own race, but for that of another. Take even this war in Kansas. The standard of freedom in Kansas is not what we would have it; but take it as it is, and show me a parallel to it in the history of the world! Compare it to the American Revolution. It was a tax on tea that drove our fathers to revolution—nothing more than that, perhaps; but, mark you! that tax upon tea was imposed upon themselves; *they* were to pay it. What tax has ever been imposed upon the people of Kansas? What have they been called upon to do that they did not want to do, except this one solitary thing? They were called upon to do the very thing our fathers were willing to do—the thing that your John Mitchels, fresh from the struggle of European freedom, long to do—to hold slaves; and they would not consent to do it. It is a new thing in history; a revolution, not to escape from being slaves, but to escape from holding slaves. That is it—nothing else. The only foundation for this revolution in Kansas is that these men were unwilling to hold another race in chains.

We do not recognise those things, because we do not see how gradually the human race creeps on. We all feel, in our secret souls, the failure of this attempt on the part of our Republican friends. Even Mr. Sumner becomes weak when he attempts to show that all we want is to make a step backwards, and once again adopt the maxims of our earlier Presidents. It is not so, my friends. By as much as our later Presidents have fallen below the standard of those earlier ones, by just so much have the men of these days, who are not Presidents of the United States, but only *ought to be*—you know who I mean—risen above it. The standard of liberty on this platform—do you suppose Washington, Jefferson and Adams would have endorsed that? Do you suppose Washington, if he had been Governor of Massachusetts, would have signed the Personal Liberty Bill? Washington, who, in the midst of all his noble self-devotion, was still so benighted as to send to Portsmouth for his fugitive slave—though I am happy to say he did not get her; the "Father of his Country," even, could not do that. Do you suppose Jefferson, or even our own Puritan John Adams, was an Abolitionist, as we try to be Abolitionists? If you read his Diary, you will see that, in '76, he made a speech in Congress in which he took the ground that it made no difference to the wealth and prosperity of a State whether one-half of its population consisted of slaves or they were all freemen. He said, in express terms, that five hundred freemen contributed no more to the material prosperity of a State than five hundred slaves. I know that, in 1776, he talked with a certain Major Sanborn, of Virginia, when the Major asked him for a receipt to make Virginia into Massachusetts—a thing needed then almost as much as now. Mr. Adams gave him these four ingredients—common schools—town meetings—training days—and ministers. He gave him these four points, and he made no allusion to slavery. He could not have forgotten it, because he had been talking to that very man on the subject a few days before. He mentions all these, and seems to overlook that which renders free schools impossible—that gags ministers, and then opens their mouths to make them say things that cause us to wish they had always stayed gagged (laughter)—that turns town-meetings and training days into greater evils. Yet John Adams stands highest among the first Presidents.

When I look at these things, I see that the picture is not entirely dark—that there has been a progress upward as well as a fall downward; and I see that by every step taken in each direction, revolution is made more certain, dissolution is made more certain. If it was madness to think to hold together the feeble, supplicating slavery and the young and undeveloped spirit of liberty of the days of the Revolution, what ten-fold madness to hope to link together the double-distilled and defiant slavery and the full-grown liberty of this land to-day! It is all idle. You cannot do it. And if you want to reverence those old Presidents, you must do it only on the sure principle on which Henry Ward Beecher proved himself a Calvinist. "I believe," said he, "with Calvin; or what Calvin would have believed, had he lived in these days, and believed as I think he ought." With that proviso, I go in for the principles of the earlier Presidents. But all this is idle. Even Henry Ward Beecher cannot make himself out a Calvinist, and even Charles Sumner cannot make us out reproductions of the earlier Presidents in our efforts for the slaves. If it were so, we have toiled in vain. When you link together liberty and slavery, the two idols will grow and strengthen, and by and by you will have a crash in which these two will meet, and then it will be seen which has become the stronger, and whether slavery or liberty is to die.

Well, this is all disunion—all treason. I hope you understand it. "If this is treason, make the most it." I tell you, men get educated rapidly. I do not speak of myself; but I see all around me the progress men make. Every full-blooded Yankee naturally clings to the Union and to the law. Nay, Yankees are so far like the Devil-worshippers of the East, who have such superstition, that if you take a man and draw a ring round him on the ground, he stays inside of that ring until you take him by the hand and draw him out. He thinks the devils are around him, and is afraid to step out unless you have hold of his hand. So we stay inside this ring of Union, and shudder at the thought of even stepping beyond. You, Mr. Chairman, and others with you, have given us a hand to help us out. I thank you for it. It is the best thing that ever could have been done for the American people. Get a man once out of that superstitious reverence, and the laws of nature will take care of the rest. He gets on pretty fast after that. In the first place, he is willing, like Mr. Speaker Banks, in a certain contingency, to "let the Union slide"; and then he lets the contingency slide (laughter and applause). I remember, a good while ago, before the Free Soil movement of 1848, when our old sturdy Buckingham—ill to be spared from the newspaper press—the William Cobbett of that day and that work—I remember how he, in his growling way, had been venturing upon something that, of course, offended some of his good friends in Boston—and it would not have been good if they had not been offended—and they said to him on paper, "If we pursue this course, the South will dissolve the Union." The old man did not enter into much discussion about it. He said in type the next day, "Mr. Hillard (perhaps it was) says the South will dissolve the Union. Suppose they do"! That was all. Once get a man to say, "Suppose they do," and he has pretty nearly experienced religion (laughter and applause). Once get a man to calculate the value of the Union, and I tell you, the laws of arithmetic will take care of the rest. Now, calculating it thus, I tell you there is many a man who would shrink from the sound of the words, if he uttered them, who sees it with his eyes, and feels it in his heart. I know a Boston merchant, who would shrink from being called an extreme man, whom I know to have said that he would give half his fortune to see a dissolution of the Union—and he is a man who never gave a promise to pay without following it up. People see this growing emotion, and, not seeing far enough, say it is going to save the Union. I am not sure of this Union. I am not sure, even, that this part of the Union is to be saved. I think LIBERTY is going to be saved. I have no anxiety about the laws of God; they will take care of themselves. Whether they can confine men permanently in "the body of this death," with all the new spirit of liberty we have been bragging about, I do not know; and, with the sweeping firmament above me, I can almost say, I do not care. I trust God. We have none of us got to stay a great while here on this earth. As Gov. Robinson said, in that brave letter of his, "I apprehend that the other side of the grave, Atchison and Stringfellow, and the border ruffians, have not a great deal of influence. We need none of us care much about them." For ourselves, if we do not love our country, what do we live for? Have we not pledged ourselves, by coming here, that we love our country above all things but right? But we love right best; and if we believe in God, we believe in that. I see that nation after nation has struggled for the right, and failed. I see that every such failure has helped the world on—not so much as a success, but still nobly. Look at the history of the early ages of England, see successive races one by one trodden down by despotic oppression—Cambrians, Britons, Saxons. See them pass one by one, each trusting in God that it would be saved, each crushed at last—for what? To bring out a nobler liberty in the end. Let us trust in the same way. Let us do what we can first. Why, there was one man, the last of the Saxon leaders in England, of whom it was said, when he died, that if that man had lived ten years longer, the Normans would have gone out of England; and if there had been six such men, the Normans would never have come in. Let us each remember what magnetic power rests in each individual who will trust himself and his great impulses. Let us remember the moral of that brave answer to the old despot, who said to the poet Anacreon, "I had less difficulty in overcoming this nation than you will have in writing the story of it. I had so little that I wonder how liberty can exist where there is one brave and resolute man in a nation." "And I," said Anacreon, in answer, "I wonder that tyranny can exist when a nation has in it *two* such men" (loud cheers).

SPEECH OF WENDELL PHILLIPS, ESQ.

I am glad, Mr. President, as other speakers have expressed themselves, to hear from so many parts of the country to-day—from so many different States. I am glad, sir, to hear the testimony of these different representatives of the anti-slavery sentiment. It is well known that on our platform we accept the services of any man who hates slavery, no matter in what form he chooses to manifest his opposition. I was glad to see here, sir, glad to talk with, the devoted editor of the only anti-slavery paper in a slave State. I hope he will not go out of our gathering without carrying many remembrances of our interest in Kentucky with him. I do not know very particularly about his anti-slavery sentiments and method, but I have a very good test: he has beaten down eight pro-slavery presses, and has been mobbed until they got tired of mobbing him. That is good anti-slavery! (Cheers.) The man who can draw so nice a distinction as to say, that often as he has been beaten, he never was whipped, has a very excellent notion of logic (renewed cheering). I say, I accept all methods of anti-slavery. I well remember the description which Cassius Clay gave me of that meeting at Dripping Springs, to which our friend Bailey referred. I had asked him how public sentiment in Kentucky was, and he said, "We get on finely; we are wide awake." I asked him to describe how, and the description is one which shows you what a large empire of mind this anti-slavery movement covers. The description was as unconscious, as child-like, as simple, as if one should attempt to describe this meeting, and say, "We had thousands, and heard Higginson and Conway." "Why," said Clay, "at the Dripping Springs we had a great meeting. I should think," said he, "there were a hundred bowie-knives and seventy pistols" (laughter and cheers). That was a Kentuckian's notion of a great meeting! I accept it; it was on his own level. It was a proof that the men who went there were in earnest, according to their own thinking.

This leads me to another point just here. There has been something said of Mr. Burlingame to-day. I do not like duelling. I think that the North does rightly when it frowns on duelling. I think that one of the great efforts of the anti-slavery press and speakers should be to show that the South is barbarous. Our labour for the next twelvemonth is to convict the slave territory as barbarous. We are to take this attack on Mr. Sumner, with its endorsement by the South, and convict fifteen States of barbarism. There is a great deal in words. I will call the House of Representatives a "Chamber of Assassins," while Preston S. Brooks sits in it, and the Senate likewise. I want to stamp fifteen States not only as slaveholding, but as barbarous. It is the fourteenth century. It is burning a man for opinions. It is the fire and stake which the Jesuits said was the only light by which truth could be elicited. It is worse than the Inquisition and its tortures, which the Jesuit teacher alone, of all the other punishments, suffered his pupil to behold four centuries ago. It is the barbarism of a corrupt faith, and a reckless and coward nobility. When Mr. Burlingame consented to accept a challenge, he borrowed an element from the barbarism of fifteen barbarous States. It was a great blunder. It sullied the position of Massachusetts, which stood untarnished in the hands of Sumner and Wilson.

So much I say; but, on the other side, I say this also. I have all along been willing to say to men who vote and who go into Congress, "I cannot vote—I should think it immoral; I cannot accept office—it would be a violation of right. But if there is any man that can vote, let him; if there is any man that can accept office, conscientiously, let him." When Mr. Sumner entered the Senate, I said, "In our view, he is perjured; but if he does not think so, in God's name let him enter and do his best." So I say, Burlingame, when he stood in Washington, stood crowded and trampled in the dust. In God's name, if he could fight anywhere, let him fight! (Great applause.) On his own conscience be the responsibility of fighting, according to what he thinks right. I have no criticism, therefore, to make on the individual act. When he entered the House of Representatives, in my view, he did as foul, as immoral, as barbarous an act as when he accepted a challenge. I made a distinction in his favour when he went there, hoping that, in the present state of the cause, he might—the dead somewhat burying the dead—do better than his fellows. So I say of his duel the same.

As to the Republican party, of whom our friend Conway speaks, I want also to say a word. Virginian though he was, he did not care to defend Mr. Jefferson, but he said, with admirable satire, that he was opposed to slavery in the abstract! Then he went on to say that our friend Fremont's great merit was, that he was a *progressive* man. How far has he progressed? Why, just this far; just so far as the tomb of Thomas Jefferson! For in Fremont's letter, the best line is that he is opposed to slavery in the abstract, and always was.

Mr. Conway—"And on principle."

Mr. Phillips—Yes, and on principle. But, at the same time, in that letter, very short as it is, he adds that he stands by the Constitution, which protects the slavery of the separate States, and is inflexibly opposed to any interference with it there. And his coadjutor, Mr. Dayton, undertakes to say, "I stand where I have always stood. I have not changed." Now, where did he stand? When Gov. Chase, of Ohio, moved, in the House of Representatives, to amend the Fugitive Slave bill by making it inoperative in the territories, among the nays on that question is the name of Mr. Dayton. And on several other of the issues presented by the Free Soilers of that day against the Fugitive Slave bill stands recorded the name of Mr. Dayton among the seven, nine, the seventy or the hundred and twenty that successfully beat down the Free Soil propositions. He stands where he did stand!

I value politics, Mr. President, not for the men whom it puts into office; they do not do much good. I do not know anything that Mr. Speaker Banks has done since he was Speaker, except write a very blundering letter for his friend Mr. Burlingame—if he did write it. It was a great triumph, his election; I acknowledge it. For the first time, it ranged the North against the South. It showed us the crack. It was a great gain. But the man that went up—nothing. He has not done anything; he has not been able to do anything. If Mr. Fremont was President, I do not believe he would be able to do anything more. I will tell you why. I asked Cassius Clay what he intended to do when he elected an anti-slavery President. This is what I understand to-day was the reply of Mr. Clay: "I intend to lay it down as a principle that no slaveholder, that no friend of slavery, in any quarter of the country, shall have an United States office. I will starve out the system. And," said he, "give me that principle, and four years to work it in, and I will fifty per cent. abolish slavery." What say the Republican leaders to-day? The New York *Tribune*, when Fremont was charged with being a slaveholder, replied, "What if he is? We have voted for slaveholders before, and we shall vote for slaveholders again." Nobody pretends that if Fremont is elected, he will prohibit the employment of slaveholders in the various functions of the National Government. This is not to be. What is the use of an anti-slavery President who is to know no distinction between the slaveholder and the non-slaveholder? If this government is worth fighting for, it is for the reason that when you get inside of it, you are to turn its guns against the enemy. But the Republican party lays down no such principle.

Now, as I said, I value politics, not for the men it elects, but for the discussion it permits. The canvass is worth a hundred fold more than the election. My friend Mr. Conway, in his pulpit at Washington—a true man in a true place—strikes a better anti-slavery blow than the best Free Soiler in the House of Representatives, because he is founded on the granite of an unmistakable position, and there is nothing between him and the Higher Law but God's own inspiration (loud cheers). When a man enters the House of Representatives, when he enters the political canvass, the first thing he does is to say, "I am for the Union. I am no Garrisonian. I am no Disunionist." "Don't suspect me," says a New York Republican journal, "don't suspect me of being a Black Republican—I am only a *White* one." What I criticise in the Republican movement is this. I want a platform, no matter who you take for your candidates, that shall drag the whole anti-slavery cause, moral as well as political, right into the centre of the cauldron of political discussion. Our friend from Wisconsin said, when he went home from New York, in 1848, he made political speeches in which he analyzed the whole moral aspect of the anti-slavery question, and that Wisconsin, when she joined the Barnburners of New York, joined them on a principle. You see the result. When the Barnburners traded themselves off, when John Van Buren fell in love with a Southern plantation, and denied every speech he had made, the moral anti-slavery of Wisconsin was found at Racine, with its hundred men—ninety muskets, ten blacksmiths—formed on the wharf at Milwaukee, making no speeches, asking no aid from Milwaukee citizens, but in silence, like a hundred ghosts, marching straight from the landing-place to the jail; and the first sound that was heard from that hundred Abolitionists was the sound of their hammers on the fetters of the United States. It was the noblest mob that history knows, for it was a *silent* mob! (Applause.) You know that when Solomon built his Temple, every stone of the fabric was hewn out of the mountain into beauty and proportion at a distance from Jerusalem, that the sound of no hammer should be heard in the holy place. So it was when the bright, consummate flower of radical anti-slavery bloomed on the soil of that young city, and yet so indignant that, like the lightning-bolt of heaven, its first noise was the noise of success. It broke down the judiciary and army of the United States, and proclaimed Wisconsin in fact a sovereign, independent and free State (applause). O! if I could ever move from the dust of Boston, I would finish my pilgrimage on the soil of that young and gallant State that has earned the first and greenest laurel in the anti-slavery struggle between State sovereignty and the Union (cheers).

That is what we want. It seems to me that, in turning its face to the territories, and taking up Mr. Fremont, the anti-slavery party is letting slide, not the Union, but all the anti-slavery gallantry, enthusiasm, principle and spirit that thirty years of effort have produced. Our friend Conway told us of a South Carolina minister who had been turned out of his parish, because he had refused to take part in a Brooks meeting. I would rather have him for President than John C. Fremont, and I will tell you why. When you want to find obstacles, how do you go to work to find them? If this stream around us was like Niagara, pouring down with resistless torrent, and you wanted to find a rock, where would you go? Would you go to a spot level and smooth as the glassy lake before you? No; you would go to some spot where the waters rose up in leaps and boiled in a maelstrom. I take the whole life of Fremont, from boyhood to manhood, from South Carolina to the peak of the Rocky Mountains, from California back to Washington—it is one unbroken, unopposed success; a summery, halcyon scene. I know he has battled with nature; with the frost and the snow, with starvation, with want—all of that; but when has he battled as the unflinching advocate of an unpopular idea? When? Where is his life tossed into angry turmoil by the opposition of minds that he has roused against him? Never, but when he stole his wife! For once, he opposed a man. I think he did well (applause); but if every man who has got a good wife is to claim a place by the Presidential chair, Massachusetts will have a fine chair trade (laughter and cheers). No; the opponent of granite, of snow, of want—the pioneer, I acknowledge him; but not the pioneer in morals. Why, there is a head at Washington, silvered over with the battles of twenty years—that of Giddings (cheers)—that has stood through fifty anti-slavery fights. Fremont has yet to see his first. Take him up, and tell us that you selected the best man! O, no; you may have selected the most *available!* To me, it seems very like the story of the man in one of our Western States, who, insulted in the public streets, stood quite still and received another blow, when a bystander said, "Why don't you fight him?" "I don't want to do that," said he, "but I will make faces at his sister" (laughter). Here is the anti-slavery cause, with four millions of clients, with the great questions of Cuba, the slave trade, slavery in the District, free speech, the abolition of slavery itself, and it is all put back—to what? The Fugitive Slave bill—where? The Constitution of the United States—what? All vanished! The only issue presented to the public, the one, solitary issue is—Kansas; and who does not know that, long before the 4th of March, 1857, Kansas may be a settled question, beyond the reach even of John C. Fremont? O, no: this Republican discussion stands just where the Whig discussion did, in the time of Texas. It has gone back there; and I really believe, Mr. President, that the political excitements of the last ten years have used up, yes, *used up*, all the moral anti-slavery that existed in the community; and the function of the Abolitionist is to go back to the slave himself, to the moral aspect of the question, to the religious duty of the country. I rejoice in a Northern party, because perhaps it may give us freedom in the pulpit. Possibly, when these Northern States declare that slavery is a fit subject for the basis of a party, Northern clergymen may be willing to preach upon the subject. If they do, we may begin a moral education. My friend Mr. Higginson said this morning that slavery gagged the pulpit. I wish to God it did, for then we should not have such sermons as we hear (cheers). If it would only gag these thirty thousand preachers, and keep them silent, it would be "a consummation devoutly to be wished" (laughter and applause). Silence—blank paper—instead of the *New York Observer*—what a blessing! (Renewed applause.)

That brings me to another question. Our friend from Wisconsin said they had no respect for office at the West. He supposed it was different here, on account of the great men that fill office. Why, he never heard of Gardner (laughter). He never heard of what a Governor we have got; prepare to thank Heaven for him! If we could have three such Governors, there would not be a boy born within a hundred years from now that could ever respect the Governor's chair. If we could continue to have Judge Loring on the bench and Gov. Gardner in the chair, we should arrive at the excellent state of Wisconsin and Illinois, where they respect a man for what he *is*, not for the office he fills. You know Prentiss, of Louisville, says you can see "books in the *running Brooks*," and you can find a blessing in Governor Gardner. That's ingenious! Withdraw Col. Fremont, and put me up for President! You call him the "pathfinder," the "discoverer," and want to make him President. He is nothing to me, for I have discovered a reason for thanking God that Gardner was made Governor of Massachusetts! But I should almost begin to lose my faith in human nature if he could be elected three times. Is this the hour for Massachusetts to put Henry J. Gardner into that Governor's chair, when every man who deserves the right to vote, who is intelligent enough to vote, knows that he is a consummate hypocrite? Could you have seen him, as we saw him, in Faneuil Hall, when four thousand people came together to express their sympathy with Charles Sumner, you would understand him. The Governor rose and commenced his speech, beginning a covert, hidden, insidious attack on Mr. Sumner. A growl went up from the three thousand men before him, that warned him off those premises, and he paddled his light canoe into other waters (cheers). For a little while he went on, then he tried a second time, with another commencing criticism on Mr. Sumner's conduct in the last canvass—upon the language of his speech, upon the temper and sincerity of his political conduct. Again came the growl of the crouching lion, and the Governor made back tracks again. Awhile he talked, as all of us on platforms are apt to do, saying nothing, and then veered round in the same direction. Again came the growl of the audience, and the Governor "caved in," turned round a short corner, and elaborated a compliment for the man he had been prevented from stabbing under the fifth rib. And now you want to make him Governor! We are going through critical times, the ship of State is in peril, and you are for putting a man into the pilot-house whom you cannot trust even so far off as you can see him; a man who, if he did not have some dozen distinct and different reasons for telling the truth, would naturally tell a lie! O, if there is anything the anti-slavery sentiment of Massachusetts is pledged to do, it is to utter its protest unmistakably in this hour, when anti-slavery needs everything, against putting such a man as that again in nomination. It must not be! If there is any anti-slavery in the Free Soil party of Massachusetts, it will make itself felt. I know the arguments against it. I know the soothing talk of the wire-pullers, who say it is the best place to hide Gardner in, to prevent him from doing worse mischief. "If we don't keep him in," they say, "he will try to get Sumner out. We don't know as we can elect anybody beside him." Then elect nobody. The vacant chair will be clean (loud cheers). My mission to-day is to say to any Free Soiler who hears me, Save me from Governor Gardner! (Renewed cheering.) We will take anybody, we will take nobody, we will pilot the ship without a Governor, but do not give us him. You may take the humblest man you can find, who never spoke, I will not say an anti-slavery word, but a true word, and he is better than Gardner. Three times to be elected Governor! Why, one would almost forswear his race. At the time I was commencing my speech against Judge Loring, Mr. Dana said to me, "I cannot trust your doctrine that the people, the popular sentiment, the popular conscience, may invade the judicial bench." I said to him, "We can trust the people." "Nonsense," said he; "you know it's humbug. You can't trust the people." I believe, if Massachusetts elects Gardner three times over, I shall be half converted to Richard Dana's opinion. Why, we have tried him twice. He has insulted us, he has cheated us. The chair of State, like the boy's plummet, has touched bottom; for God's sake, let it begin to ascend! (Applause.) Where is his merit? What public good has he done that he deserves the nomination? A gasconading letter to the Governor of Alabama, published without any use for it, on the very eve of an election! If there is a man here who has a word to say for him, let him say it, in God's name, and then let Barnum take him and exhibit him round the Union as a man who still has faith in Gardner! (Cheers.) But they have nominated him. A small section of what was once his party have got together and nominated him, and the Republican papers generally are dumb.

Why, Mr. President, this fear has eaten out the heart of Kansas. Have you watched the Kansas Legislature? Have you watched the course of Col. Sumner? Nature took all the brain designed for the name, and gave it to Charles, and left the others nothing but limbs (laughter and cheers). Did you mark the debate, when the United States troops marched to break up the Legislature? One of the speakers said, "We will resist the Missouri ruffians, but we don't draw trigger against one of the Federal officers." Why? "It will embarrass our friends at Washington. They will nominate Mr. Fremont; we must not embarrass them. They are endeavouring to get the State admitted into the Union; we must not embarrass them." As if striking a good blow ever embarrassed anybody! As if letting the daylight through a scoundrel's body ever embarrassed a good cause! (Cheers.) And then, when the deed is done, to show you how Chesterfieldian they can be, they give *three cheers for Colonel Sumner!* Did Hampden, Vane and Pym, did any of the leading men of the Long Parliament, when Cromwell turned them out of doors, go into the streets of London, and give three cheers for Oliver Cromwell? Is this my friend Higginson's gallantry of Kansas? the etiquette of the drawing-room! [A Voice—"Cheers for Pierce."] Pierce! he is a decent man! Mr. Foss says he will cry sometimes, and if he sees a suffering man, and nobody is by to hinder him, will give him something. He has got a heart, when Jefferson Davis or Caleb Cushing is not by to hold it down. But this Col. Sumner, he acknowledges, in the face of the universe, that Mr. Secretary-of-War has scooped out his brain, and sent him there to Kansas like a broomstick, with his message written upon it. I say that Franklin Pierce, who creeps into a corner and shows he has a heart, is decent to the man who stands upon the platform of constitutional liberty for the world, and says, "I am here to do the most unpleasant work in the world"—and does it! You all laugh at the boy who told his mother he could n't go, for he was tied to the post. "Who tied you?" "I" (laughter). Yet this Col. Sumner, whom the Kansas Legislature rewarded with three cheers, was the same boy, grown a little older (cheers). When, when are we to teach men that it is in sentiments, in hearts, in ideas, that the strength of all opinions, of all causes, resides? That they should have hissed Mr. Sumner from Lawrence back to Washington, until the whole continent rang with one loud cry of contempt for the hound who had sacrificed the honour of a name—which, after Charles Sumner bore it, he ought to have feared to sully—to the necessities of a diabolical Administration (enthusiastic applause).

My friend Higginson was correct, he was truthful in the extreme, he was just, eloquent, sublime, when he told us that the best duel Mr. Burlingame could have fought was to say to Col. Brooks, when his message was presented, "I fight with gentlemen; therefore, I have no answer for you" (cheers). He might have stamped him with the contempt of Massachusetts, as beneath the code of gentlemanly satisfaction. It would have been better than killing him at Clifton House. I don't care if, according to my friend Conway, he had fought the whole South Carolina delegation afterwards. We cannot afford to spare Brooks. We want him to keep our contempt healthy and alive (loud cheers). We cannot afford to have a decent man like Burlingame even blunder into acknowledging him gallant and chivalrous. No Massachusetts man must ever name him without rinsing his mouth immediately afterwards (applause). When he raised Brooks into decency, Mr. Burlingame inflicted a foul insult on Massachusetts. So it is with regard to what has taken place in Kansas—with regard to those Federal officers who undertook to be the tools of Franklin Pierce and Caleb Cushing. We must go back to the high honour of the olden times. Do you not recollect, when one of the Spanish grandees was ordered by the King to receive the Constable of Bourbon, a traitor to his King, into his own castle, he sent back a message, that the castle was open to him; that when the Bourbon entered it, the Spaniard would go out, and when the Bourbon left it, he would burn it to the ground, for no honest man's house should ever cover a traitor? That is what I call chivalry! (Loud cheers.) We need to educate the heart of the Northern people. It is too much eaten out by gain, by money, by material prosperity. My friend Mr. Strong was making a very acute criticism in conversation, this morning, in regard to this matter—the difference in respect to character between the men of the Revolution and the men of our day, outside the anti-slavery struggle, in brave, earnest sincerity of principle, even on the mistaken basis of the settlement of that day. They knew what they wanted; they were men—sincerely earnest, gallant men; men that did not measure their words; men that hewed to the line; men who, when they planted their feet, never took them up again; men that look forward to the stake, to martyrdom, rather than take back a word. The men of our generation are hucksters; they speak to-day, and take it back to-morrow; whisper at home what they would be afraid to have heard at Washington, and say at Washington what they would be afraid to have heard at home, and are politically dead when the two places meet and compare notes (cheers). We are a huckstering, half-hearted, paltering, small-patterned, half-in-earnest race; none of the broad, intelligent, earnest, practical, devoted, in one sense, reckless, enthusiasm of the revolutionary day, except in those whom the anti-slavery struggle has stirred into life. Now, we are bound to keep that spirit alive; to let no political emergency, no compromise, swallow it up. Mr. Seward says the day of compromises has passed. I want a party on that basis. If Jessie is an Abolitionist, put her up for President (cheers); but do not put her husband up, while he allows himself bound by a Constitution that makes slavery in the Carolinas safe from the interference of the United States Government. I have got beyond Constitutions and Unions. I want no man for President of these States, I will acknowledge no man as an anti-slavery candidate for any office, who has not got his hand half clenched, and means to close it on the jugular vein of the slave system the moment he reaches it, and has a double-edged dagger in the other hand, in case there is any missing in the strangulation (loud cheers). I want a politics that inscribes on its banner "Freedom—Justice!" and then, if they can find any room below them for "The Constitution of the United States," put it in; but Freedom first, Justice first. I hope Wisconsin will never join the Union again until we abolish slavery. I hope she will exhaust the whole catalogue of Smiths, and make them successively Chief Justices, before she takes Chief Justice Taney instead.

Massachusetts has got beyond its slavery to politics. The people are beyond the platform. I can tell you what the Free Soilers here are saying to each other, in answer to my remarks. They say, "O, that platform don't mean anything. It does not matter much what the caucus says; *we* mean opposition to the Fugitive Slave law; *we* mean an anti-slavery Constitution; we, the masses, are Abolitionists; this is only a pasteboard band we put out." I know it. I know that in the ranks of the Republican movement there are Abolitionists who mean all this. But I know, also, that during the Presidential canvass, all their friends want them to keep silent. They want them out of the way. They do not want that sort of sentiment avowed. But in that sentiment is the only element of progress. How long are we going to wait for the abolition of slavery? How many Fremonts must we elect President, before you consent to be educated to a higher level of anti-slavery? It is a very costly experiment, this education of yours. You get on very slowly.

If the anti-slavery spirit exists, let it speak out in Massachusetts, as it has done in Wisconsin. Go and elect a man for Governor who will march the Massachusetts militia down to Boston before another fugitive slave shall be taken out of the city (cheers). Go and elect a man who shall replace Chief Justice Shaw with somebody that shall declare the Fugitive Slave law unconstitutional. You have nominated Mr. Gardner. Suppose he is elected this Fall. Chief Justice Shaw wants to resign; he has said to Gardner that he will resign whenever he finds anybody to take his place. Two gentlemen of the bar have been applied to, and have declined; a third is named—the Professor of Law at Harvard College; the man who, within six months, read to his pupils an elaborate argument to prove the Fugitive Slave Law constitutional! Suppose Gov. Gardner reëlected; suppose Chief Justice Shaw, wearied with years and sickness, resigns, and Prof. Joel Parker is made Chief Justice. The office is for life. You have got another incubus on the State. It is a most critical period. Our Supreme Bench is to be filled within a year or two. Massachusetts has not elective judges; she has judges for life. Henry J. Gardner may die, and be forgotten (thank God for the blessing of death!); but he may leave behind him a Chief Justice that may last for forty years, and plague our children in years to come. Watch this central power of the government, that lies behind the Judiciary. We shall never redeem Massachusetts until we conquer the Bench. We want a Governor, we want a succession of Governors, that shall fill up that Bench with John A. Andrew, of Hingham (cheers), with John W. Browne, of Boston (renewed cheers), and men of that stamp; lawyers, who have not yet parted with their hearts; men, who recognise Coke and Blackstone, but who also recognise the Higher Law above. Give us such a Bench as that, and, for one, I do not care what you do in Congress, for I will make this little State so hot that no slaveholder shall ever set foot upon it, and no fugitive slave in the country, even if he comes from the extreme point of Florida, shall ever find the climate too cold (loud cheers).

The Judiciary, Mr. President, is the key to the Government. When the Stuarts wanted to subdue England, they began with the Bench. The Slave Power of this country long ago subjugated the Bench. The first effort of Massachusetts toward freedom will be to secure the anti-slavery independence of the Bench. Why did not Caleb Cushing and Franklin Pierce send a file of United States troops to take Mr. Booth, who edits a paper in Milwaukee? Why did not the District Judge issue his warrant, and sodder up that broken prison of his? Why does not the Cabinet at Washington endeavour to subdue the State of Wisconsin? I will tell you why. Because Chief Justice Smith, the Mansfield of America, stands on the threshold of the State; and beneath a judge who knows what State sovereignty means, the United States authority drops powerless. We want such a judge; and in order to that, we want a Governor.

Perhaps I have spoken as long as I ought ["No, no"; "go on, go on"]; but I entreat you, do not think us tedious. You do not live in Boston, all of you. You have not the daily nauseous sight of a Legislature and Governor all Winter. You do not know what it is, when a fugitive slave stands chained in a Boston Court-house, to have the solemn, disheartening conviction that there is not an Executive officer in the State who will do a Massachusetts act. If we could only have taken that Court-house, and carrried it round the Commonwealth of Massachusetts—if we could only have taken that Governor, as he stood on the platform at Faneuil Hall, and wanted to strike, but dared not, and daguerreotype him in every town in the Commonwealth—you would not inflict him upon us again.

Mr. President, I acknowledge the value of politics—moral, exclusively moral as would always be the method, individually, I should use. Yet still, that moral influence, that intellectual conviction, must flow out of the political methods of the State; and you Free Soilers, whom we are to meet for the next twelve months at our meetings, and who are going to complain, week after week, that Mr. Pillsbury, or myself, or Mr. Foss, or Stephen Foster, tears asunder your professions as an anti-slavery party, mark me! if you elect Henry J. Gardner, do not dare to show your faces within the girdle of an anti-slavery meeting, for we will make it too hot for you if you do (cheers). In the name of him who has stood in the van of your political fight, and borne its brunt most fearfully, do not put behind him, at the head of the Massachusetts that he honours by representing, a convicted falsifier, a political hypocrite, an insidious assassin of your Senator, a man who cannot point to one good act with which to redeem the disgust of a public life! Forget him! Send him home! Allow him to vanish! that, if Massachusetts can ever be blessed with forgetting, she may once more be called a decent State! (Loud applause.)

Manumitted.—Eliza Brown, a coloured woman, aged twenty-four, was yesterday manumitted by her owner, Mr. Lemuel Shaw, of this city, on the receipt of $350, raised for her among the members of the House and Senate by the Rev. Mr. Trafton, a Massachusetts representative. Her value was about $800.—*Washington Star.*

[Were we a campaign lecturer, canvassing for Fremont, we should put the following article, by H. W. Beecher, in our pocket, to read at every public meeting. As we are not that, however, we put it in here, not because we suppose our readers care any more than we do whether the Republican candidate be a Catholic or a Mussulman, but because the thing is a good thing, as good as Æsop, and equal to *Punch*. Its fun will be enjoyed by everybody, but its point will be appreciated best by those who understand the noisy stupidity of the paper referred to. The popular estimate of it in New York is signified by the prefix given to the name of its editor, who is known as "Booby Brooks."]

THE DOG NOBLE, AND THE EMPTY HOLE.

The first Summer which we spent in Lenox, we had along a very intelligent dog named *Noble*. He was learned in many things, and by his dog lore excited the undying admiration of all the children. But there were some things which *Noble* could never learn. Having on one occasion seen a red squirrel run into a hole in a stone wall, he could not be persuaded that he was not there for evermore.

Several red squirrels lived close to the house and had become familiar, but not tame. They kept up a regular romp with *Noble*. They would come down from the maple trees with provoking coolness; they would run along the fence almost within reach; they would cock their tails and sail across the road to the barn; and yet there was such a well-timed calculation, under all this apparent rashness, that *Noble* invariably arrived at the critical spot just as the squirrel left it.

On one occasion *Noble* was so close upon his red-backed friend that, unable to get up the maple tree, he dodged into a hole in the wall, ran through the chinks, emerged at a little distance, and sprung into the tree. The intense enthusiasm of the dog at that hole can hardly be described. He filled it full of barking. He pawed and scratched as if undermining a bastion. Standing off a little distance he would pierce the hole with a gaze as intense and fixed as if he were trying magnetism on it. Then, with tail extended, and every hair thereon electrified, he would rush at the empty hole with a prodigious onslaught.

This imaginary squirrel haunted *Noble* night and day. The very squirrel himself would run up before his face into the tree, and, crouched in a crotch, would sit silently watching the whole process of bombarding the empty hole, with great sobriety and relish. But *Noble* would allow of no doubts. His conviction that that hole had a squirrel in it continued unshaken for six weeks. When all other occupations failed, this hole remained to him. When there were no more chickens to harry, no pigs to bite, no cattle to chase, no children to romp with, no expeditions to make with the grown folks, and when he had slept all that his dog-skin would hold, he would walk out of the yard, yawn and stretch himself, and then look wistfully at the hole, as if thinking to himself, "Well, as there is nothing else to do I may as well try that hole again"!

We had almost forgotten this little trait, until the conduct of the *New York Express*, in respect to Col. Fremont's religion, brought it ludicrously to mind again. Col. Fremont is, and always has been, as sound a Protestant as John Knox ever was. He was bred in the Protestant faith and has never changed. He is unacquainted with the doctrines and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and has never attended the services of that Church, with two or three exceptions, when curiosity, or some extrinsic reason, led him as a witness. We do not state this upon vague belief. We know what we say. We say it upon our own personal honour and proper knowledge. Colonel Fremont never was, and is not now, a Roman Catholic. He has never been wont to attend that Church. Nor has he in any way, directly or indirectly, given occasion for this report.

It is a gratuitous falsehood, utter, barren, absolute, and unqualified. The story has been got up for political effect. It is still circulated for that reason, and, like other political lies, it is a sheer, unscrupulous falsehood, from top to bottom, from the core to the skin, and from the skin back to the core again. In all its parts, in pulp, tegument, rind, cell and seed, it is a thorough and total untruth, and they who spread it bear false witness. And as to all the stories of the Fulmer, etc., as to supposed conversations with Fremont, in which he defended the mass, and what not, they are pure fictions. They never happened. The authors of them are slanderers; the men to believe them are dupes; the men who spread them become endorsers of wilful and corrupt libellers.

But the *Express*, like *Noble*, has opened on this hole in the wall, and can never be done barking at it. Day after day it resorts to this empty hole. When everything else fails, this resource remains. There they are, indefatigably—the *Express* and *Noble*—a church without a Fremont, and a hole without a squirrel in it!

In some respects, however, the dog had the advantage. Sometimes we thought that he really believed that there was a squirrel there. But at other times he apparently had an inkling of the ridiculousness of his conduct, for he would drop his tail, and walk towards us with his tongue out and his eyes a little aslant, seeming to say, "My dear sir, you don't understand a dog's feelings. I should, of course, much prefer a squirrel; but if I can't have that, an empty hole is better than nothing. I imagine how I would catch him if he *was* there. Besides, people who pass by don't know the facts. They think that I have got something. It is needful to keep up my reputation for sagacity. Besides, to tell the truth, I have looked into that hole so long that I have half persuaded myself that there is a squirrel there, or will be, if I keep on."

Well, every dog must have his day, and every dog must have his way. No doubt, if we were to bring back *Noble* now, after two Summers' absence, he would make straight for that hole in the wall with just as much zeal as ever.

We never read the *Express*, now-a-days, without thinking involuntarily, "Goodness! the dog is letting off at that hole again."—*Independent.*

CASSIUS M. CLAY AND HIS TRADUCERS.

From The Indianapolis State Journal, August 5.

The following is a reply to an article which appeared in yesterday's *Sentinel:*

Bates House, Indianapolis, Ind., Aug. 4, 1856.

Editors Sentinel: You have an article in to-day's paper in which you venture to assert that I have lately been a slaveholder, and to bestow upon me epithets, which, I suppose, suit the taste of the Indiana Democracy, but which gentlemen never use.

I denounce that whole system of political warfare by which great public interests are tried to be ignored in personal crimination; neither good morals nor good government can be promoted by such means. The public have to do, not with my private acts, but my political teachings. I cannot see how the crime of extending slavery into Kansas is to be palliated because I or any other individual may be proved a villain!

But whilst I deny the jurisdiction of the Court, I yet fear not to vindicate my integrity and honour, be it assailed from whatever quarter.

By the Democratic party, then, I have been accused:

1st. Of bankruptcy.

2d. Of failing, in consequence of a speculation.

3d. Of holding slaves, whilst avowing myself an Abolitionist.

1. It has been my misfortune to have lost much of my estate by the failure of my debtors; but my means were ample to pay every cent I owed, principal and interest, except to my *assignees*—two relatives, who allow me to control all my estate; and to whom I shall be able soon to pay every cent I owe, and then have enough to keep from pensioning myself upon the Government like the Democratic party.

2. The Democrats first started the false report that I failed by "speculation" in pork. As a farmer and drover, dealing in hogs, it was a useful and legitimate business, and I never lost money in that trade. I attribute my embarrassment to the war which the allies of the Slave party, the Democrats, have made upon me—in the courts, in mobs, and in failing to pay what they owed me!

3. It is well known, long since, that I emancipated all the slaves I owned in my own right. The slaves sold, to which allusion is made, were slaves left to my children by my father, in whom I had only a life estate, which was sold! I hope these philanthropic extenders of slavery and the slave trade will no longer be shocked at the separation of "men, women and children."

The whole "twenty-two" are now on my farm in Madison Co., Ky., where they remain, as happy as is consistent with that system which may, in the changes of fortune, throw them into the power of less scrupulous owners. The sale of those slaves in New Orleans would have saved me the mortification of an "assignment"! Will the *Sentinel* now aid me in overthrowing that "system" which is the root of all this woe?

I am no Abolitionist. I have no more right to liberate those twenty-two slaves than the slaves of the *Sentinel's* ally, Robert Wickliffe, who prefers them to "Dutch and Irish," whom he calls "white negroes!" I think I would be more useful speaking in Indiana, in the cause of the liberty not only of the three and a half millions of Southern blacks, but also the six million of Southern whites, who suffer a like oppression, than by lying in the penitentiary for running off the "twenty-two men, women and children," whom the Democracy of the nation, North and South, are trying to hold in eternal bondage.

Your obedient servant, C. M. Clay.

The Antecedents of O'Donnell, the Spanish Premier.—The London *Leader* has an article which contains some curious information touching the new dictator of Spain, which may probably be new to most readers. As to the resemblance of the portrait we have no means of deciding, but, though the reverse of flattering, the likeness must be admitted to be well drawn:

In the Gulf of Mexico between the northern tropics and the equator is a large and highly populous island, with a very numerous negro population. A few years ago the Governor of that island had not long been appointed; he had discovered, from some sources which to this day remain totally unknown and unconfirmed, that the negroes were on the verge of a universal insurrection. Military parties were sent over the whole island in order to take measures against the revolt. The officer of any one of the military parties thus distributed would come upon the estate of a planter, and inform him of the contemplated insurrection.

A single case will show the object of this strange precautionary measure. The planter receives his official visitor with surprise; he has heard of no insurrection amongst his slaves; in fact, he does not believe the story, and he avows his disbelief. Now, surely the planter ought, at least, to know more of his own men than a lieutenant of infantry from a distance, particularly as the lieutenant does not think fit to disclose a single fact in proof of the asserted revolt. A sudden light breaks upon the planter; he is so confident of his slaves that he offers to be bail for the whole body of them; and as a step to "make things pleasant," he offers a kind of free-will offering, say of three thousand dollars. The lieutenant sees that the planter understands matters; he has still further to go in the course of his visitations, and he will call as he comes back. During the absence of the lieutenant with his men, the planter bethinks him that three thousand dollars is more than he is obliged to pay; and when the lieutenant returns, the planter is avowedly more convinced than ever that the slaves thought of nothing less than a revolt; so he proposes to make things pleasant on less expensive terms—to give, say only one thousand five hundred dollars. "Remember," says the lieutenant, "that I did not ask you for any money at all; but since you have mentioned a sum, I cannot, of course, take less." And he goes away empty-handed. Soon after, however, he returns again, retaining his original conviction that the negroes intended a revolt; and to punish them, a number of them are flogged. The flogging is so severe that many of them are permanently injured, and some of them are killed. The planter estimates the injury to his property at the sum of ten thousand dollars. Other proprietors had not been guilty of the same backsliding, but, equally perceiving the proper way to make things pleasant, they had persevered, and had secured immunity for their estates. It has been said that during the suppression of that apocryphal revolt, as many as ten thousand negroes were killed. They were the property, of course, of the planters who had viewed the subject after what we may call our friend's "second manner." No negroes were flogged to death on the estates of the planters that had made things pleasant. The Governor resided in the island not a very great number of years; he entered it a notoriously poor man—indeed, it was his poverty, joined with the favour of his sovereign, which caused him to receive the appointment; he left the island in the possession of a large fortune. That island was Cuba—the Governor was General O'Donnell.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1856.

"FREE SOIL, FREE SPEECH AND FREMONT."

A popular name, a short, spicy nickname, expressing familiarity without contempt, and attractive mottoes and catch-words, are very important elements of success to a party and its leader. Politicians are eminently gregarious animals, and flock together on very small provocation; but every witty and expressive epithet, every popular proverb which they can bring into relation with their movement, or their chief, attracts others around them, and swells the shout of that enthusiasm in which they live and move and have their being.

The party whose rallying cry we have placed at the head of this article are tolerably well provided for in these respects. Freedom *is* a better word to shout for than slavery, and the despotic party itself, instinctively apprehending this, presses the glorious name into its service, and calls upon its adherents rather to die than surrender their *liberty* to hold slaves, and work them without compensation, and reclaim them when escaped, and travel with them into Territories and States *called* free, without relinquishing their assumed ownership. Thus they too are fighting for freedom.

But the assumption of the "Republican" party to fight, and shout, and vote in the interests of freedom is a false assumption, differing from the above in degree only, not in kind. "Freedom for Kansas" is their cry, and the very summit of their efforts is to make that region *as* free as New York and Massachusetts; as if one inch in those States could properly be called free soil; as if Constitution and custom did not combine in making them a "preserve," a hunting-ground for slaveholders; as if the warmest lovers of liberty in those States could do more for a fugitive than give him hastily a cup of cold water and hurry him forward towards Canada, unless they will subject him to the risk of re-capture by the civil and military force of the whole nation, constitutionally pledged to that work.

Falsehood does harm, always and everywhere. But the false assumption which is made the corner-stone of a great structure does more than harm—it is liable, every moment, to bring overthrow and utter ruin upon the edifice which it pretends to support. "What will you have?" says God; "pay for it and take it." Observe, you must pay for it first. You *must* pay for it, or you will not get it. The price of liberty is incessant vigilance, an Argus-eyed, sleepless watchfulness that no point essential to freedom be surrendered, that no compromise yielding the tithe of a hair to slavery be admitted. "The hedge which surrounds your house," said Flatterwell to Parley the porter, "has this peculiarity, that it resists the utmost efforts of us on the outside to break through, unless we have some help from within; but if *you* pull away ever so little from the inner side, we can then enlarge the passage and make our way without difficulty." Thus the greatest, the most scrupulous watchfulness is no more than the successful guardianship of liberty requires. How great then is the absurdity of abandoning half the ground at the commencement; of giving to the enemy one of the two gates of your city to keep; of conceding, with Henry Ward Beecher, that the slaveholders may keep the whole South *unmolested*, if they will refrain from *extending* slavery—and with *The Independent*, that if the Tract Society will only publish *something* about about slavery, we will be content with a tract written by South-Side Adams—and with *The Tribune*, that enlistment in a campaign against slavery need not prevent our voting slaveholders into offices of honour and profit—and with William H. Channing, that the business of freemen is to *bring the Slave Power to terms*, instead of vanquishing, crushing, annihilating it! Yes, our resolution, our watchfulness, our pertinacity must be no less than Cato's. Carthage must be *destroyed!* Until its absolute overthrow is effected, that business is always pertinent, that "Resolution" always "in order."

But the Republican party are prevented from taking this ground by the very terms of their organization. They propose to act Constitutionally; and under the Constitution they cannot interfere with slavery in the slave States. True, and for that very reason they should proceed to act *over* the Constitution. No man can oppose the Devil successfully while acting within the terms of "an agreement with hell." When we find ourselves in a quagmire, we must tread backward, and cautiously retrace our steps till we reach firm ground. In relation to unpopular vices, such as swindling and burglary, we see clearly enough that the agreement with others to do those things, under whatever solemnity of protestation, affords no justification of them; that a promise to do wrong has no binding force whatever; and that the criminal who rests his defence on the ground of such a promise is not conscientious, but impudent. Yet when an agreement just as unjustifiable, a compromise just as shameful, is called a Constitution, and when the parties who originally made it, and who transmitted it to us, are found to be the ancestors whom we have been taught to respect, we stupidly reverse the decision made in the former case, give up principle and yield to authority, and talk about our "obligations" to continue the course of wrong-doing to which our fathers disgracefully pledged themselves. All this is an error.

If slavery established in Kansas will be the pernicious thing which the "Republicans" declare, if the chance of averting it be worth the trouble and turmoil of breaking up the old parties and forming a new one expressly to act in that direction, it would seem that slavery in Kentucky also is pernicious, no more to be acquiesced in than the same thing in Kansas, and needing measures equally vigorous, either for its absolute removal or, at the very least, for the removal of our complicity in sustaining it. It will not do to say that although the character and the operation of slavery are as bad in Kentucky as in Kansas, we must actively or passively sustain it in the former State, *because our fathers agreed to do so.* Agreement does not sanctify wrong. Our fathers had no right to make such an agreement; having made it, their first duty was to break it; since they neglected that duty also, our business is to discharge it for them, as well as to take the same course on our own account. But the politicians who are banded together to oppose the *extension* of slavery assert in many speeches and documents, and assume everywhere, that to attain that object they will concede the unmolested continuance of slavery wherever it now constitutionally exists. Thus they are divided against themselves; they ally themselves with Beelzebub to cast out Satan; they sacrifice that truthfulness, that integrity, that oneness and wholeness of aim, which alone could render their enterprise respectable and practically effective.

Those Northern men who act politically with the slave States under the present Constitution not only sacrifice their own rights, by allowing Southern property to be represented in Congress, and to confer political power, but they inflict a direct wrong upon the black men at the South whose right of representation in the Government they thus bargain away. Every one of these unfortunate men, whom we (under the corruption of morals and manners which results from keeping bad company) are accustomed to think of and speak of as *slaves*, has a right in the formation of the Government under which he lives. If the only true basis of government be "the consent of the governed," every black man in the country has a right, as much as every white man, to such a vote. And every person who joins either in making or carrying on the present system of government commits a fraud and an outrage upon every slave; commits the double injustice of withholding the vote from himself and giving it to his greatest enemy. The party which systematically commits the injustice, call itself what it may, *is not* a party for freedom. The blood of the slave is upon its garments; the rights of the slave are trampled under its feet.

It is obvious that this wrong cannot be remedied by a party acting under the Constitution which originally established the wrong, nor yet by a Congress which has sworn allegiance to that Constitution. What then? Are we left without resource? Must we necessarily continue in a false and vicious position to the end of our lives, for want of a possible mode of escape from it? By no means! Such a contingency never yet occurred in God's universe. Whatever the complication of guilt in which a man, or a set of men, find themselves, there is always one right course to be pursued. Continuance in sin is never necessary; repentance and reformation are never impossible.

We have heard of such a thing as revolution. Nay, more! Such a thing has existed in our own history. Our fathers, finding themselves in need of such a movement, tried the experiment, and not only attained a success which we call honourable and glorious (in spite of its needless complication with a bloody war), but reduced the thing to a science, recording the exact method by which any persons who should need such an operation thereafter might effect it. If the people of New York, or of Massachusetts, or of the whole North, wish to cease from that course of injustice towards the slaves which they have carried on in connection with their own self-government (especially since their accomplices in this guilt have repeatedly and grossly violated the articles of confederation), let them call a Convention to draw up a Constitution which shall *really* establish liberty, and arrange the frame-work of a government designed and suited to promote justice; let them apply to this work the highest wisdom, the greatest practical skill, and the keenest sensibility to truth and right which their territory contains, and, after due deliberation, let them solemnly accept this Constitution, organize a government, and establish suitable laws. Such a people, for the love of justice and liberty establishing such a government, would, of course, make their territory *free soil*; and if the exercise of hospitality towards the oppressed, or the protection of their citizens from men-stealers and marauders, brought attacks upon them from without, such men would know well how to maintain their rights, defend their fellow-citizens and protect their guests. Slavery would, of course, become impossible in the territory immediately adjoining them. The weak who should be oppressed in their vicinity would naturally ask their protection and seek a settlement among them, and the slavehunter would soon find it useless to enter that region for either sympathy or aid, even if he escaped the operation of such a "liberty law" as such a people would, of course, have ready for him.

But, just here, for the sake of those weak brethren who think that the three hundred thousand slaveholders, with their mouths full of oaths, and their hands brandishing revolvers and bowie-knives, can eat up and digest all the freemen of the North, we must say a word of the possibility of war between a Northern republic and a Southern despotism.

War is certainly possible. We know from the history of slavery, if in no other way, that men often take counsel of their passions against the express dictates of reason and interest. Southern men sometimes whip their slaves to death, or burn them alive, indifferent, for the time, to the pecuniary loss they sustain; and they often inflict, and still oftener hazard, the temporary disabling a slave from work, by the passionate infliction of punishment. We cannot affirm, therefore, that a slaveholding nation, irritated by the necessary consequences of their vicinity to a free and Christian people, would not, sooner or later, so entirely take leave of their senses as to attempt by war to reclaim the escaped victims of their oppression, and to punish those who befriend them. War, therefore, is possible. Let us suppose that the three hundred thousand slaveholders actually declare war, raise an army, and march across Mason and Dixon's line to subjugate the North.

We can easily imagine how a nation which has thought its own freedom from complicity with slaveholders not too dearly purchased by secession, a peaceful revolution and the establishment of a new Constitution and frame of government, would receive an invasion of this sort. There is no doubt of their ability and disposition to raise a force at least equal to that of the invaders, in defence of their homes and firesides. But what will the six hundred thousand able-bodied male slaves be doing all that time? Their masters now keep them in ignorance of many things important to their welfare; but a declaration of war, the raising, drilling and equipment of an army, its march to invade a foreign territory, and *the purpose* of all those movements, could not be concealed from the slaves. What would they be doing after the departure of that force which is not always sufficient to keep them from insurrection now? Would not such an opportunity, the first they have ever enjoyed, be seized "with alacrity"? Would not the first night after the departure of the invading army be illumined with the burning of every house and barn, every sugar-mill and cotton-press? Would not the shovel and the hoe, instead of being laid down, be energetically used to conquer better arms from the guard that remained; and, having made a desert of the habitations of their tyrants, and avenged in kind, as far as practicable, the outrages which they, with their wives and children, have hitherto been compelled to suffer, would they not, all along the thousand miles of border, cross from the land of bondage to the land of freedom, where friends are already fighting their battle, and where arms are ready to equip them for further conflict? Such a war would necessarily be short; such a war would be the certain destruction of slavery.

We have admitted a war of invasion, on the part of the slaveholders, to be *possible.* But, since they know, far better even than we, that its inevitable termination would be such as we have described, we may safely conclude any movement in that direction to be extremely *improbable.* What, then, will the slaveholders do, when they lose their slaves, hundreds after hundreds, and thousands after thousands, without the possibility of regaining them? We answer, just what they do now when they lose their slaves in Canada, without the possibility of regaining them. First, they will acquiesce in what they cannot help; and next, in proportion as property in human legs and arms becomes fugitive and insecure, they will cease to invest their money in it; in short, like the planters in the British West Indies, when circumstances beyond their control render it impossible to *keep* slaves, they will cease to *attempt* keeping them.

We, the Abolitionists, think that a withdrawal of the power of the North from that aid and sustenance of slavery to which it is pledged by the present Union would be a speedy and certain way of putting an end to slavery. We may be deceived in this idea; but at all events we are determined that our weight shall be withdrawn from that which now presses upon the slave; that we will not be constituent parts of a government which deprives him of his vote, and increases the political power of his oppressor in proportion to the extent of his oppression; that we will neither help the tyrant to conquer the resisting slave at home nor surrender the fugitive who flees to us for protection; and that while we can secure freedom to such a fugitive only by sending him with the utmost speed to Canada, we will not make the empty boast that we are freemen, or that we live on Free Soil.

Spurious Republicanism.—The champions of the Republican party vehemently protest that it is not an abolition party, and they seem very anxious lest the public should fail to note this discrimination. The following incident, reported to us by a Philadelphia correspondent, affords unmistakable evidence that, in *one* locality at least, Republicanism, as popularly understood, is something very different from Abolitionism. But such Republicanism is a gross imposture. Our correspondent says:

"About two weeks since, a grand ratification meeting was held in the City of Camden, N. J., in favour of 'Fremont and Freedom.' A practical joker in that town (it is said he belongs to the Democratic party) thought he would test the sincerity of these modern Republicans. Accordingly, he had bills posted about the streets, inviting the coloured people of Camden to attend the 'Fremont and Freedom' meeting, to be held in the Courthouse. A number of coloured men and women, who doubtless felt a personal interest in a movement of this kind, assembled at an early hour and obtained seats in the gallery of the building. But they did not remain long in peace. The alarm soon spread among the friends of 'Fremont and Freedom' that there were 'niggers' in the Court-house. As there is nothing said in their platform about freedom for the black man, they did not think it necessary to respect his feelings or his rights, consequently they hastened to prevent the introduction of any person whose presence would be obnoxious to the spirit and intent of the meeting, and, as soon as practicable, with the cooperation of the Marshal of the city, removed from the sacred edifice, wherein Justice is supposed to reign triumphant, those coloured men and women who had been so fortunate (?) as to gain an entrance. Comment on this is scarcely needed. And yet we have it forcibly given in the fact that, during a discussion held at the Republican Headquarters in this city, a Democratic speaker charged this indecency home upon them, and not a man among them could meet it with a denial, or in any other way than to retort by asserting that the Marshal who aided them in the dirty business was a member of the Democratic party."

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

"The excellent oration delivered by Rev. Samuel J. May at Jamestown, on the 4th of July, has been published in a pamphlet, and may be had at this office for 6 1-4 cents. Mr. May comes out unequivocally for the *Republican* party, avowing his intention to vote for Fremont and Dayton."—*A. S. Standard, Aug.* 2.

Excellent, (1) is it, Messrs. Editors, that an old non-voting Disunionist, (2) and Non-Resistant too, has wheeled about face and goes unequivocally for Republicanism and Union?

Is Republicanism excellent? (3) Then let us unite with it. Is it an honest anti-slavery instrumentality? Let us sustain it. Why stand aloof? And, standing aloof professedly and theoretically, can we pronounce unequivocal Republicanism as excellent? Is not this to be endorsing and eulogizing in practice that which we condemn in theory? and is not this unequivocal dishonesty?

Let us know where we stand, and what is the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society and its organ. Has it naturally, or can it by any honest possibility, have any affinity with, sympathy for, or support of, Republicanism? Its name indicates that it is an Anti-Slavery Society; its Constitution declares its object to be "the entire abolition of slavery in the United States," and to this end have been the labours of the Society, its auxiliaries, its agents, its papers and publications ostensibly bestowed. It has sought to arouse this wicked nation from its criminal indifference and guilty slumbers, to agitate and disturb it, and keep it so disturbed till it shall "entirely abandon this heinous crime in the sight of God."

The nation is somewhat aroused in the matter, is disturbed, is excited; and what does Republicanism propose to do? Does it propose to abolish slavery and thus end the difficulty? Not at all, not at all. Its candidate, Mr. Fremont, declares his "inflexible belief that it *ought not to be interfered with*," and so say they all, great and little. It is not at all an abolition party; it does not profess or mean to be. But it proposes to allay the excitement, to quiet the agitation. Mr. Fremont, in his letter of acceptance, proposes to "terminate this sectional controversy," to make such arrangements as shall "satisfy the two sections, and then good feeling will be restored," and pledges himself, "if elected, to use all the authority of the General Government to reëstablish the peace of the country." What is this, if he does it, but to nullify all the labours of the Abolitionists for these twenty-five years? If he proposed to attain this peace by abolition, then we might be glad, but he does no such thing, but precisely the opposite. Read his letter further: He proposes to reëstablish this peace "on the just principles which have heretofore received the sanction of the Federal Government, of the States and of the People of both sections." Now, has not the principle of the continuance of slavery "received the sanction of the Federal Government, of the States and of the People of both sections"? Most certainly it has. Then, again, he proposes "to bring back the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson." Who were they? Slaveholders. What were the principles on which they established and administered the Government? Slaveholding and slave-fostering. Witness the bloody Constitution that they helped create, that they executed. Witness their administration of the Federal Government. Out of these principles, avowed, enacted and executed by these men, have grown all our difficulties, and the action of the Federal Government since, till now, has been but the natural working, the legitimate results of their principles. And yet the highest proposition of the Republicans is to bring us back to that point and start anew to run, as we inevitably must, the same career of crime and blood that the last sixty-eight years have exhibited. So says Mr. Fremont, so says the Platform, so says the Party, so say all the great lights and organs thereof.

And, further, they, with one voice, propose to restore the Missouri Compromise—this crime of 1820, so characterised always by Abolitionists, so obnoxious then to all the North that the few Northern Representatives that sustained it were politically decapitated therefor. The North shuddered at its enactment. The Abolitionists have always denounced it as, after the original sin of the Constitution, the great crime of the nation. Now, it having been, for wicked purposes, abrogated, this party proposes to reënact it. If its original enactment was wicked (and who doubts it?), how much more wicked, with all our increased light and experience, to reënact it. And yet this is one of the highest virtues of this "excellent" party.

But it proposes to make Kansas free. Does it, indeed? Free to whom? To the slave? No. To the free coloured man? No. But free alone to the white. What have those who seek the abolition of slavery to do with that, but to oppose it? It is illiberal and proscriptive. Look at their treatment of the free coloured man. He can't vote or hold office; his political rights are thereby taken away. He can't *reside* in the State; his social rights are thus taken away. But one step more, and take his personal rights, then he is a slave. What have Abolitionists to do with such compromises? Why should we go two-thirds of the way to slaveholding? But, says some one, is not one-third better than none? We accept no thirds. We demand the whole, and will be party to no agreement that proposes to sacrifice two-thirds to save the other third. No, Abolitionists can have no sympathy or coöperation with such a party. It is an enemy to abolition, and to all its principles and instrumentalities—a more dangerous one from its disguises and subterfuges of "Free Soil," "Freedom National," &c., &c., than the open, undisguised Democratic or "Border Ruffian" party. We have continually and persistently opposed every political party hitherto formed, as acting under a pro-slavery Constitution and Government, necessarily in a position of enmity to the slave. We have opposed, on this ground, the Liberty party, and the Free Soil party, as well as the Whig and Democratic; both which stood on ground, anti-slavery-wise, high as the heavens above the ground of the Republican party, for they had some, yea many, distinct *anti-slavery* issues, while this party has not one.

This party stands with its feet on the neck of the slave, and proposes to keep them there forever. So does the Democratic party. What hope, then, has the slave from either? None; both are against him, directly. But, indirectly, is there not a difference? Yes. The Republican party proposes to quiet the agitation, to settle the differences that have arisen, and, as a necessary result therefrom, will check the measures in operation that tend to his emancipation, thus retarding and putting further into the future his deliverance. The Democratic party does no such thing, but proposes to carry the aggressions of slavery against the North to their fullest extent, and, as a necessary result therefrom, will arouse the North to such a defence of their own rights as will open the door of escape to the slave the sooner.

The slave has more hope in the success of the Democratic party than in that of the Republican. Shall we, then, go for Buchanan? No. That would be wicked, as it would, in 1850, to have gone for the Fugitive Slave bill; and yet Abolitionists could then see that its passage would so arouse the heart of humanity against its monstrosities that it could but promote the cause of emancipation.

Let us show Republicanism none of the favours that we have withheld from better parties, but denounce it as one of the deadliest foes of the slave and of the cause of emancipation, and thus keep consistent our early and honest testimonies. H.

Worcester, August 6, 1856.

Editorial Remarks.

1. Yes, "excellent" in its spirit and primary purpose, though erroneous in some of its reasonings and conclusions. The commendatory adjective which has caused our correspondent so much excitement was qualified by the *fact* stated immediately afterwards, viz.: that Mr. May had come out unequivocally for Fremont and Dayton—a course from which, in the haste in which we were writing, we did not stop to express our formal and specific dissent, because we thought our position was so well known as to render such an expression, in that connection, entirely unnecessary. We are accustomed to give our readers credit for a fair share of common sense; and as we are constantly bearing our testimony against the short-comings of the Republican party, and dissuading all over whom we have any influence from going to the polls, we presumed that our readers would understand us, not as endorsing Mr. May's doctrine of voting, but only as saying that his oration was marked by such "excellencies" as were consistent with his support of Fremont.

2. Our correspondent is mistaken, we are sure, in ranking Mr. May as "an old non-voting Disunionist." Certainly, we have never understood him to rank *himself* in that category. We believe he has always been somewhat doubtful of the soundness of the Disunion doctrine, and that, at various times since that doctrine was avowed by the American Anti-Slavery Society, he has exercised the right of suffrage. Understanding this to be his position, *we* were not at all surprised to learn that he had concluded to vote for Fremont. Still less did we feel called upon to denounce him as apostate to the anti-slavery faith. The brief notice of his oration was written in a great hurry, the moment before going to press, and with the purpose of publishing and commenting upon its unsound passages at a subsequent time—a purpose which was substantially fulfilled last week. We did not dream that anybody, least of all a constant reader and an intelligent Abolitionist, would be in danger of misunderstanding us.

3. Our correspondent must forgive us, but the gravity of his question is absolutely mirth-provoking! We refer him, for an answer, to the organs of the Republican party, which, out of the very number of The Standard in which he finds occasion for rebuking us, as if we had fallen from grace, *they* have found no difficulty in extracting the evidence that we have taken "*strong ground* against the Republican party." Says the *National Era*, referring, like our correspondent, to the issue of August 2d., "*The Anti-Slavery Standard*, the organ of the Garrison Abolitionists, takes strong ground against the Republican party." And the same statement has been echoed by at least a score of other journals, including *The Tribune* and Bennett's *Herald*—all alluding to our distinct avowal in these words, viz.: "We are sorry to learn that some of those who have heretofore ranked as Disunionists and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are likely to yield to the temptation of voting, *just this once*, under a Constitution which they confess is stained with the slave's blood." It was with these words under his very nose (and they are by no means an isolated expression of the feelings with which we regard the Republican party) that our correspondent seized his pen to interrogate and rebuke us, as if we had compromised the American Anti-Slavery Society! Could anything be more absurd?

BURLINGAME AND BROOKS—NEGRO-DRIVING CHIVALRY.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

The assassin Brooks is a real "Capt. Bobadil." He has taken the South Carolina contract for making rascality in general, and negro-driving in particular, respectable. This is a hard job; but it must be accomplished. So Bully Brooks volunteers. He will assassinate Sumner to-day, kill Chaffee to-morrow, call out Wilson next day, challenge Woodruff the following morning, intimidate Campbell Friday; and, to close the week's work, he invites Burlingame, by his friend and brother scoundrel, Lane, to fight a duel on Saturday. The murderer seems to sport a high feather. The chivalry, who live by cheating negroes according to law, shine upon him the light of their reconciled countenance; and poor Mr. Burlingame, unable to bear their blackguard ribaldry, agrees to fight. As Brooks represents the negro-breeders, why did not Burlingame accept their challenge as it should be done? Fight the nasty fellow with a dung-fork, and, as no decent man should go near the brute, fight at forty paces? But the refusal of the bully to fight in Canada reveals the whole slave-breeding character. They must conspire, or murder, where there is no danger, where the judges are as big scoundrels as themselves, or are in *cahoot* with them, in a land governed by them, where the innocent are punished, the guilty are protected, where honest men are found guilty of any crime the Slave Power sees fit to charge them with, and where the "first families" commit murder with impunity. In such a country, the chivalry can strut and crow, challenge and murder, and be the greatest gentlemen in the land. Brooks says he could not go to Canada "without running the gauntlet of mobs, assassins, prisons, penitentiaries, bailiffs, and constables." Poor Brooks. Like the Yankee-Doodle Yankee,

> "When a commission he had got,
> He proved to be a coward,
> He dared not go to Canada,
> For fear of being wounded."

He is mistaken. The mobs and assassins in all the States he would pass through are his friends. Big a villain as he is, no one in the North would harm him. He don't believe it himself. He passed through Ohio, and attended the Democratic Convention, and he knows he would be in no danger, unless, following his own instincts, he should assault some one, where his reputation would doubtless avail him less than at Washington. But he was right as to the result. If he should kill Burlingame, he never would get back. The laws against murder would be enforced on his negro-cheating carcass. Neither would Burlingame escape, should he kill the hyena he was foolish enough to agree to fight. The fact that the beast is a biped would be conclusive; and Burlingame would swing. But for Brooks to make either the distance or the danger of a mob an objection is but a coward bully's subterfuge. Both objections are more than counterbalanced by the fact that it is foreign territory; and if they could escape from Canada without arrest, they would be safe. Even admitting the danger real, "The danger's self is lure alone." It will show his pluck. It will establish his character for chivalric courage in favour of negro-cheating. But it so happens that mobs and assassins are indigenous in the South only. His State is the leader of mobs, and *he* is the vilest specimen of the assassin. But he must fight on his own dung-hill. His whole life has been spent in training himself to shoot his fellow-men; and while it would be well to have such a savage killed, no one should risk his life to do it. Let him kill Burlingame near Washington, and no punishment would follow. The whole South would rise up and protect him, as they have once done, and as they did in the case of the murderer of poor Keating. But let Brooks fall, and would the South protect Burlingame? Would the North do it? Would the Courts wink at the offence? We all know better.

It is humiliating and infamously disgraceful for the House of Representatives to submit to such insult as was heaped upon them and the whole nation by the insolence of this ruffian, pending the question of his expulsion. His conduct, backed and sustained as it was by the slaveholding Oligarchy, was such as not only to warrant, but to demand a removal of the seat of government to a land governed by just laws, administered by honest men, and where the code of morals and religion would not disgrace the Hottentots. The respectability of Washington City is such that a drunken bully from the South is held in distinguished consideration; and if an honest, learned, intelligent, moral man from the North expects to be received into the first circle, he must be introduced to it by the rowdy; and he will very likely be twitted with it in public afterwards. Now, it is evident that *such* respectability and piety can only be sustained by the assassin and the duellist. There is no honesty, no morality to be upheld. It is not there, and they well know it. They claim respectability, honesty, morality and decency, but they claim it from appearances only, every one of which is known to be false. Hence to charge a man like Brooks that he is an assassin is as great an offence in Washington as if he were in truth a moral, peaceable man. In any honest community, the person making the charge must prove it, or be condemned as a slanderer. In Washington, no such rule prevails. The offence is greatest when the charge is truest; and the culprit charged stands acquitted as soon as he has caned or killed his accuser. When Reeder charged Stringfellow with being a ruffian, Stringfellow proved that the charge was false, and that he was in fact a gentleman, by caning Reeder; when Sumner exposed the unparalleled atrocities of the slaveholders, detailing, in single file, their aggressions, falsehood, and enormities, in language as courteous as could be used in calling such things by their right names, how was he answered? He had "libelled the South." He had "spoken falsely of her institutions." He had "slandered my uncle." These were the things he had done. He had "outraged truth and decency." Well, if he had, why has not some one specified in what the libel, slander and falsehood consist? There was a fearful array of them charged. Cannot some one of the friends of Brooks, either in Congress or out of Congress, some Northern doughface, some white negro, chained to the Southern slave-car, be so good as to do what no one yet has done—tell in what the "lie, slander, falsehood or libel" consists? Every press in the employment of Satan and slavery has a thousand times iterated and reiterated the cry of "slander and falsehood," but no one has made a single specification. They dare not make the attempt. They know the charges are true, and that every villany he has charged them with they have committed. It is in very truth, because it is not false, that he has offended. If his charges were false, all that was necessary to consign Sumner to disgrace was to prove his charges false. If that could be done, even now, his name is blasted with everlasting infamy. But no number of canings or murders will prove these charges false. They are irrelevant testimony. They do not touch the case; or if they do, they only go to confirm the truth of Mr. Sumner's charges. He says that slaveholding is aggressive, insolent and overbearing. Keitt says it is a lie and a slander, and Brooks, to prove it a lie and a slander, canes or kills him for saying so. He does this "as a gentleman," and this the Oligarchy and their white negroes consider conclusive proof that Sumner's charges are false. In countries not essentially barbarous, when a man commits a murder, everybody has a right to speak of it. The criminal, instead of being permitted to kill, or to threaten to kill, like Brooks, those who speak of it, is shut up in jail and considered the culprit. But in Washington, it is the accuser who is the culprit, while the murderer is the recipient of especial favours, from men, from public meetings, and from "Southern ladies." The slave rule of morals has received several important touches in this outrage on Sumner. First, while he is charged with slander and falsehood, the first specification showing what it is has not been made, nor can it be, and hence his speech will forever remain unanswered, except as Brooks answered it. Mr. Butler admitted that it could not be answered any other way. Secondly, in the truth of Mr. Sumner's charges consists his offence; and if true, the only answer that could be made was made by the bludgeon. Third, in failing to show wherein Mr. Sumner was wrong, the Oligarchy admit he was right. In justifying Brooks, they confess they had no defence but assault and violence to make, and from the whole demeanour of the Slave Power as it has been exhibited in this murderous affair, it is plain that the seat of government should be removed to a place where the moral, if not the religious, sentiment of the people is not made by drunkards, ruffians and gamblers. L.

St. Louis, July 26, 1856.

"PETER STILL, THE KIDNAPPED AND RANSOMED."

This long-looked-for book has come at last. I have just closed it, after a careful perusal. I have rarely ever, probably never, read a book with such intense interest and deep emotion. More than ever it makes me loathe, abhor and detest American slavery. I presume my interest in the book has been peculiar, because at the time Peter Still's family and their now martyred friend and guide—Seth Conklin—were in Indiana, and seized and handed over to the chains of the lawless claimants—to the teeth of the savage human bloodhoods making them their prey—my whole soul was aroused in indignation against slavery and its awfully guilty allies in the North.

The old adage, "truth is stranger than fiction," is fully verified in this book. So thrilling are the events narrated—so marvellous the facts recorded—so inhuman the acts described, had I not been personally acquainted with those whose history as slaves and fugitives is written, and had I not been cognizant of so many of the circumstances alluded to in the book, I could hardly be persuaded that it is not fiction. If this wonderful book be read as extensively as Uncle Tom's Cabin, it must produce a greater effect in favour of the poor slave than even Uncle Tom. This is owing partly to the fact that the latter is a novel and the former a book of facts. Besides this, however, there are other reasons why the book merits a wide-spread circulation. The circumstances narrated, from the kidnapping of the boys Levin and Peter, through all the slave life, and even after, of Peter and his family, and the whole series of wrongs endured and difficulties surmounted, are truly wonderful. Peter Still is certainly no ordinary man. Not one in ten thousand, white or black, could have so manfully and heroically endured and achieved what he has. Then, in this book, the "South-side" beauties and hellish ugliness of slavery are shown in their true colours, not by painting, but by simple narration of facts. Mrs. Pickard is no ordinary authority—scarcely second to Mrs. Stowe. It may be said, however, that Uncle Tom's Cabin exhibits more inventive genius and is more eloquent in description. This may be; but it must be remembered that the writer of "The Kidnapped and Ransomed" does not draw upon imagination for matter. She writes as she heard from the lips of Peter and "Vina," with the former of whom she was acquainte when a slave in Tuscumbia, Alabama. These facts make the book the more valuable. Some chapters—facts—in Peter Still show as much, if not more, of the horrors of slavery than any in Uncle Tom. Can you not copy some of these into The Standard? Take, for instance, the XXIVth—"Burton's Reign." It will bear to be isolated as well as any other chapter. It may induce some of your readers to get the book. And that man or woman who can read it without tears of sympathy for the slave, unless his tears are all wept away already, must be heartless. And he who can rise from its perusal without swearing eternal hostility to slavery must be worse than heartless—wholly sold to the demon of oppression.

Rev. Dr. Furness, the writer of the Appendix, expresses the opinion that Seth Conklin was not murdered, but "tore himself from the savage clutch of cruel men, and threw himself upon the mercy of God"—i. e. committed suicide. I cannot believe it. I saw too much of that brave man, both before and after the first rescue of the slaves, to assent to such an opinion. He was too hopeful, and had too much of the martyr spirit. In that appendix Dr. F. uses this language: "The suspicion of foul play, which is involuntarily awakened, is put to rest by the consideration that his captors had no temptation to murder him." If the facts could all be known, I think the incorrectness of this opinion would plainly appear. I was at Princeton at the time of the passage of the fugitives, under Conklin's guidance, through that place. Afterwards, learning that they had been taken back, through that place, in chains, I immediately followed them to Evansville, hoping to reach that place before it would be too late to make an effort for their recovery from the hands of the lawless. I was too late; they were gone. I took the first boat going south, and stopped at Paducah as long as the boat lay there. Here I made inquiries. Thence I followed the boat, Paul Anderson, in which the captives had been conveyed, to St. Louis, and there made minute inquiries of the officers, captain and clerk, and of one of the coloured servants. From all I could learn, and from subsequent information and corroborative testimony, I am persuaded that Conklin was murdered. In the night, on the boat, the man, Gavitt, the Evansville Marshal, I presume, who had charge of Conklin, and to whom McKiernan, the master, had promised $600 for Conklin's safe delivery in Alabama, went below, leaving Conklin in the care of McKiernan for a short time. When Gavitt returned, Conklin was gone. Being in heavy manacles, he was at the mercy of McKiernan. Would not such a human fiend, as this book shows he is, be induced to save his money by using "foul play" with Conklin, and then reporting that he had drowned himself? This suspicion is strengthened by a subsequent report that Gavitt had entered suit against McKiernan for refusing to pay the promised reward. Indeed, I am persuaded that Seth Conklin died a martyr, not a suicide. At all events, he fell, among many others who have fallen, a victim of the relentless Slave Power and its demoniacal mammon-worshippers, whose tender mercies are cruel.

Peter Still and family, after rescue from a fearful despotism, are now rejoicing in their free homes. In our rejoicing with them, let us not forget the martyr Conklin, whose yet manacled bones lie beneath the tread of the slave in Kentucky, and whose blood cries to Heaven for vengeance. A day of retribution will come. "Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?" "Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord." Not long before the iron fettered the hands of that friend of the slave, I bowed the knee with him in prayer for the fugitive and for the oppressed. Now, in vision, I see those manacled hands raised upward to Heaven, and I hear a voice ascending into the ears of the God of Sabbaoth—"How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?"

N. R. Johnston.

A British Brute.—We commend to our friends in England the following paragraph taken from the *Pensacola Democrat* of the 24th ult.:

"The English ship Sarah, bound to Barcelona, which was towed out over the bar on Sunday last by the Cuba, returned day before yesterday and made signs for a pilot outside. After having gone about a hundred miles, the captain discovered a negro man, who had secreted himself on board. He was taken charge of by one of our pilots and brought to the city. This we consider very handsome conduct on the part of the captain, especially as he had suffered much annoyance from the desertion of his own crew while here, from the lack of efficient legal aid in recovering the deserters."

If there be any way in which the indignation and contempt of his countrymen can be made to reach such a wretch as this captain of the ship "Sarah," we trust it will be discovered, and that public opinion will be prepared to give him such a welcome as he deserves on his arrival home. The Pensacola paper unfortunately does not give the villain's name, but that can be easily ascertained at Lloyd's in London. An English ship is English soil, and, at any rate, when once fairly at sea, there can be no palliation of the crime of returning a man to bondage who had sought refuge where, it is said, the shackles fall from the limbs of the slave. We repeat the hope that the master of the ship "Sarah" will be taught, in some way, on his return to England, that his act was un-English, cowardly, brutal and base. If this can't be done, the next edition of Cowper should be handed over to the American Tract Society, or the Messrs. Harper, of this city, or some other distinguished American publishers of expurgation.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CXCIV.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent is deluvial in his descriptions—Also electric—He discourseth of lightning and of its freaks—He mourneth over the dispersion of the Sims Brigade—He telleth of their sufferings and their flight—He trembleth at the thought of preterite possibilities—He narrateth the doings of their camp-followers—He sternly rebuketh Mr Adams—And also the inhabitants of Quincy—He describeth the First of August at Abington—He commendeth the Clerk of the Weather—Also the choice of the Meeting of its Chairman—He laudeth the speaking—And the audience—He turneth to politics and giveth his opinions thereon—He is disrespectful to the Democrats—He commendeth the Republicans with a difference—He describeth the Crook in their Lot—He speculateth as to political deglutitions—And giveth great laud to Gov. Gardner, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, August 11, 1856.

THERE has been "a flood toward" in these parts for the last week. Instead of the annual drought on which we reckon, and to which we make up our minds in advance, we have had a Summer freshet which puts the Spring ones entirely out of countenance. I was told yesterday that fourteen inches of water had fallen within a week, which might well put one to thinking of the Ark in good earnest. But even half the figure is more than we have in the whole of some Summers. As one drives about the country, one sees the river-side meadows overflowed as in March, and the stacks of hay floating about like so many ducks. And then the thunder and lightning! "My young remembrance cannot parallel it." It kept up almost one constant growl and flash for ten hours or more together. And not only so, but it struck in a great variety of places, playing a thousand of those fantastic tricks in which that splenetic element delights. Among other places, the Nahant Hotel was struck, which must have given an agreeable variety to the monotonies of a watering place. So was a boat with a pleasure party on a fishing excursion. Luckily nobody was hurt there, and I believe there have been few or no fatal accidents of this kind.

You will be grieved and mortified to hear that the Sims Brigade was put to flight by these outrages of weather. This gallant body was encamped again at Mount Wallastan in Quincy, the same place which has been the scene of their glories and their devastations for three or four years. Those who sympathize with them for the labours they have done in the cause of their country had great reason to mourn the dampening their spirits must have undergone during the three days of their field service. The rain began the day before they were to pitch their tents and prepared the ground for them, and then, with lucid intervals, it kept up for the whole time. The last day, when they were to have passed under the august inspection of Governor Gardner, you can form but a faint idea of the frantic manner in which the rain came down; or rather it didn't so much come down as come in all directions at once. Whether his Excellency was on the field or not, I am not able to say, but there was a general dispersion of that veteran host before the powers of the air. One trembles to think what the consequences might have been had such a storm as that arisen on the day they conquered Burns and led him in triumph down State street. The Union might have been dissolved along with these its defenders, and where should we all have been? I tremble to think of it? On what slight circumstances may the welfare and even the existence of States and Empires depend!

The Sims Brigade was followed to the field by its usual train of camp-followers—shoulder-hitters, bullies, gamblers, pickpockets, thimble-riggers and all the rest of them. The evolutions of these sattellites were somewhat interfered with by the rain as well as those of the luminaries to which they naturally belong. Still, there were some very pretty fights—not sham ones by any means—and a highway robbery or two. So that the Brigade did not retire absolutely without glory or booty. Whether Mr. Charles Francis Adams had to submit to another domiciliary visit and another forced loan of his wearing apparel, I am not able to say. That great act of justice, which he had so richly deserved by his unpatriotic reluctance to have his town given up to plunder for three days in the cause of his country, and by his malicious prosecution for damages, the year before, of our Edmands, of our Major-General Apothecary in Chief—that great act, we say, perhaps it was well not to repeat so soon again. It might injure the moral effect of the example. The inhabitants of the town of Quincy, I am pained to say, seem to be unmindful of the patriotic traditions associated with it, and are disposed to resist being again offered up on the altar of their country. But it cannot be supposed that their base degeneracy will receive any encouragement, or that any obstacle will be thrown in the way of the victories or the amusements of our brave defenders.

I assisted at the Celebration of the First of August at Abington, of which you gave a sketch in your last number. The Clerk of the Weather made ample amends for his ill conditions on the Fourth of July, and furnished us with as good a sample of the article he deals in as he could manufacture. There were some faint signs of rain from time to time, and the slightest possible sprinkling at one time. But it was only enough to supply a fine display of clouds with which to hang our canopy of blue, and no fault could be found with the official in question. A very large number of persons were conveyed by special train from Boston, and from Plymouth also, and a great collection of vehicles on the outskirts of the grove showed that the country-side had bestirred itself as well. The solid body of auditors I do not think was ever larger or more persistent in keeping their places. Outside of the place of Speeches was a large miscellaneous collection of people, walking, dancing, swinging or sailing on the pretty pond which surrounds the Grove on three sides. To all this we made no objection, as it all helped to give a holiday air to the whole thing; and we should rejoice to have such a day accepted as a holiday by those who do not care to take a part in the exercises proper to the occasion. The scene was just as pretty as it could be and as it ought to be, especially when the multitude was dispersed in little groups, during the interval for dinner, under the trees or by the side of the water, at their *pic nic* festivities.

Whether it were owing to the strictures I made on the subject, in my account of the Fourth of July at Framingham, or not, I cannot say; but the fault I there reprehended was avoided on this occasion. Your late Corresponding Editor was called to the Chair, a circumstance which, of course, gave character and dignity to the occasion. Under such auspices it could not fail to be a success, and it was a very signal success. I certainly never heard so much good speaking in the same number of hours. It was all of the first order, in various styles, and kept the audience together in a way that was unprecedented. As you propose to give the Report of the Speeches, I will not characterize them here, only advising all and singular of your readers to read them without delay. The appearance of Mr. Bailey, the editor of the Newport *News*, the only Anti-Slavery paper in the Slave States, was welcomed with great enthusiasm. The modesty, yet spirit, with which the weather-beaten veteran told his story of the way in which he had lived down opposition, and remained conqueror over eight papers started by the Slaveholders to put him down, and of the mobs he had had to encounter, and of the many times he had been beaten, "but never *whipped*," excited great interest and was a very marked feature of the meeting. The company seemed loath to part, and would not break up until compelled to do so by the stern necessity of Steam, the Power which has been added to the ancient twain that wait for no man.

The politicians in this State and City are all agog, just now. At least, the Republicans and Fillmorites are. The Democrats only sit at the Receipt of Custom and in the Post-Offices, hoping that the other States will be patriotic enough to keep them where they are. They can do nothing to help themselves, and wouldn't if they could. There are plenty of noses now jostling one another in the public crib, and they don't want any more *nuzzling* about there. The Republicans are sure enough of the State and of the City, and they seem to try to earn success by working for it, which is more than the Free Soilers were apt to do. I rather think they are cured of their philosophy, that if you only let your enemies alone, they will drop down dead of their own accord. The great Crook in their Lot just now is to know whether or no to nominate Gov. Gardner as their candidate. It is said that they can carry their man against Gardner, if they choose to set one up, and, whether or no, they are sure of the State for Fremont; so they are under no temptation, Massachusetts-wise, to undertake to swallow so very untootheome a morsel. But, on the other hand, it is averred that they are beset by the Fremont men of other States, who say that it will be fatal to them to offend the Know-Nothings in New York and Pennsylvania, and that Gardner must be accepted as the peace-offering. It seems to be very nice cooking, indeed, and there is great danger of them making a *mess* of it any way. But I think it very likely that they will make up their minds to gulp him down, however many wry faces they may make about it. Then if Fremont shouldn't be chosen, wouldn't they be in a pretty considerable fix? His Excellency has certainly played his cards excellently well. Hoyle himself could not have *finessed* more adroitly, and he is as likely as not to win the trick with next to no hand of his own. D. Y.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 7th inst., the question came up upon striking out the Sherman proviso in the army appropriation bill, as adopted by the House. The debate was earnest and exciting. Douglas, Butler, Hunter, and Stuart (of Mich.) declared the proviso unconstitutional, and blustered and threatened after their usual fashion. Wade, Wilson, Trumbull, Fessenden and Seward each spoke in favour of the proviso. Seward's speech is said to have been very able and conclusive. The Border Ruffian Democratic majority of the Senate, however, rejected the proviso, 29 to 9. The bill passed, 27 to 8. On the 9th inst., Mr. Foot, of Vermont, made an able speech on the Kansas question. On the 11th, Douglas, from the Committee on Territories, read a long report in opposition to Dunn's Kansas bill. Mr. Collamer presented a minority report in favour of the bill. The bill was tabled, 35 to 12. A resolution, introduced by Mr. Bigler, of Pa., was adopted, calling upon the Administration for a statement of John C. Fremont's accounts with the Government; the object being, of course, to get up an electioneering document to injure the Republican candidate. The Senate also struck out of the House Legislative appropriation bill the item of $183,000, intended to pay for the books which the members of the House had voted to buy for themselves. It was probably thought by the majority of the Senate that the Republicans in the House, for the sake of restoring this item, would back down on the Sherman proviso. We shall see if they can thus be bought.

In the House, on the 8th, it was voted, by 23 majority, to pay Gov. Reeder mileage and per diem during the time he was engaged in contesting the election of Whitfield. On the 11th, the army appropriation bill came back from the Senate with the Sherman proviso stricken out. Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, affecting to act upon constitutional grounds, said he should oppose the restoration of the proviso. Mr. Pennington, of N. J., suggested a substitute to avoid all constitutional scruples, namely: Declaring that no part of the military force, for the support of which appropriations are made by this act, shall be employed to aid in the enforcement of any enactment of the party claiming to be the Territorial Legislature of Kansas, until such enactments shall have been affirmed and approved by Congress; but this proviso shall not be so construed as to prevent the President employing adequate military force, but that it shall be his duty to employ such force, to prevent the invasion of the Territory by armed bands of non-residents or any other body of non-residents acting as a *posse comitatus* of any officer in the Territory in the enforcement of any such enactment, and to protect persons and property therein, and upon the national highway leading to the Territory, from all unlawful searches and seizures; that it shall be his further duty to take efficient measures to compel the return of and withhold all arms of the United States distributed to said Territory in pursuance of law. This was adopted, Mr. Campbell having accepted it as satisfactory, 101 to 80.

POLITICS.

The North Americans and the Republicans of Connecticut have agreed upon an electoral ticket, which ensures the vote of that State for Fremont.

——Iowa has gone Republican by some five or six thousand majority. Both the Republican candidates for Congress are believed to be elected, though in respect to one of them (Hall) the Democrats affect to doubt.

——Kentucky and North Carolina have both gone Democratic (!), to the great mortification of the friends of Fillmore, who has not now the ghost of a chance to get the electoral vote of any Southern State. His supposed popularity over Buchanan at the South having been his only ground of strength at the North, he is now left in a most pitiable position.

——A paper, already having over two thousand names, is being circulated in Kentucky, inviting Mr. Fremont to visit that State, and attend a meeting of his friends in September next. It is understood that the names of many influential slaveowners are appended to the invitation, being anxious to see and hear from Mr. Fremont in person. Of course, it is not expected, by those carrying round the paper, that Fremont will attend, but the number of names and the standing of many of the parties for respectability and wealth, who endorse the invitation, cannot be without effect in the other slave States.

——The Missouri election has resulted, probably, in the choice of Polk, regular Democrat, by a plurality over both Benton and the candidate of the Know-Nothings. It is supposed, however, that Benton, by an understanding with the Know-Nothings, has secured one of the vacant seats in the United States Senate, while, by the aid of *his* friends in the Legislature, that party will fill the other with a man of their own stripe. The Know-Nothings appear to have carried but one Congressional District. But the most remarkable event of the struggle is the election, over both the regular Democratic and Know-Nothing candidates, of Francis P. Blair, Jr., to represent the St. Louis District in Congress. Mr. Blair is a personal and political friend of Fremont and a member of the Republican National Executive Committee. He is, to be sure, what we should call a pro-slavery man; but when it is considered that he was denounced as an Abolitionist and opposed by the whole power of the Know-Nothings and the Atchison Democrats combined, we must regard his election as a significant sign of the times.

"WAKE, SNAKES!"—A meeting of the constituents of Mr. Keitt, of South Carolina, was recently held at a place called WHIPPY SWAMP CROSS ROADS. Whether the whole of this person's constituency has its abode in Whippy Swamp we are not informed; but as vermin of all sorts are generally true to their instincts, we presume as many live there as the swamp will hold. At the meeting referred to the "critters" passed the following resolutions:

1. Resolved, That we, the people of Prince William's Parish, do cordially approve of the high-toned and chivalric conduct of Hon. L. M. KEITT, during the recent excitement in Congress, caused by *the castigation of that notorious calumniator*, CHARLES SUMNER, by Hon. P. S. BROOKS.

2. Resolved, That, as a slight testimonial of our regard and confidence in Col. KEITT, we unanimously return him to Congress, and thereby show *the negro-worshippers at the North* that we are determined to resent any further insult or inroad on our rights and persons.

3. Resolved, That we hereby pledge ourselves to stand by him, be the consequences what they may.

Keitt, it will be remembered, is the man who stood by to prevent interference while Brooks showered repeated blows from his bludgeon upon the head of a man stretched helpless and insensible upon the ground. That is the sort of act that rouses Whippy Swamp to enthusiasm, and which she is pledged to stand by!

THE SENTIMENT OF DISUNION.—The following is an extract from the Washington correspondence of Bennett's *Herald*:

"From mere perusal of reports, a very imperfect opinion of the real state of feeling existing in the Senate, between Northern and Southern Senators, can be formed, the origin of which is to be found in the internal improvement bills now daily passing the Senate. The indifference with which Southern appeals and protestations are received by the North and West to repeated declarations that no Confederacy on the face of the earth can expect to exist where contributions are levied upon a minority for the benefit of the majority, is telling with surprising effect upon our tenacious brethren. There is no exaggeration of the fact that the feeling in favour of a separation from the North has been increased, and is daily growing stronger, in the South, who have come to the conclusion that themselves or institutions have no longer a binding link north of Mason and Dixon's line."

"No union with slaveholders!" should be the watchword of the North.

MEETINGS IN BUCKS COUNTY, PA.—The anti-slavery meetings held in M. B. Linton's woods, near Newtown, Bucks Co., Pa., on Saturday and Sunday last, were exceedingly edifying and satisfactory to the friends of the cause in that region. Richard Janney acted as Chairman, and E. H. Magill as Secretary, and addresses were delivered by J. M. McKim and Edward Davis of Philadelphia, Robert Purvis of Byberry, Oliver Johnson of New York, and M. B. Linton and another gentleman (whose name we have forgotten) of Bucks County. The audiences were large and the best spirit prevailed. The gospel of anti-slavery, as held by the American and Pennsylvania Societies, was faithfully proclaimed.

HEALTH OF MR. SUMNER.—The Boston *Transcript* of the 8th inst. says:

"We are sorry to learn that the accounts from Mr. Sumner are by no means favourable. Since Saturday, the 2d inst., he has been at Cresson, the highest point of the Alleghany Mountains, on the line of the Pittsburg Railroad, a sojourn there having been thought desirable by his physician, after a failure of his attempt to recover health at Cape May. Neither sea air nor mountain air have as yet produced any effect; and Mr. Sumner continues in a state of prostration, unable to walk for more than two or three minutes, and utterly unequal to any prolonged mental effort. One of the ablest physicians of Philadelphia has pronounced his case *curable*, and that there is no injury which time and care will not remove."

Later and Better.—A telegraphic despatch from Washington to *The Tribune*, dated on Tuesday, says:

"I saw a letter from Mr. Sumner to-day which announces his health as improving. He expresses the greatest anxiety to take his seat before the adjournment, and may do so."

SLAVE-HUNTING ON THE SOIL PENNSYLVANIA.—The following paragraph, from the Pittsburg *Dispatch* of the 6th inst., will show that the soil of Pennsylvania is not safe from the incursions of the man-hunters:

A Grand Hunt for Negroes.—A grand hunt came off in Greene County, Pa., the week before last, in which no less than fifty armed white men were engaged in the pursuit of nine negroes, who had left Booth's Creek, Harrison County, Va. (eight miles from Clarksburg), a few days before. The fugitives—three in number, and half a dozen boys, some of the latter but twelve or fifteen years old—escaped, and the "nigger-hunters" earned not the reward of fifteen hundred dollars they so anxiously sought, but the contempt of all honourable men. In one township half a dozen of them drew their pistols on an unarmed woman, who refused to allow them to search her house for the runaways.

WM. WELLS BROWN.—We regret that a letter from this earnest champion of the cause, containing a list of his appointments in Eastern New York and Western Massachusetts, failed to reach us in time for our last issue. He was to speak, it seems, at South Easton on Sunday last, and at Easton on Tuesday and Wednesday. Those of his appointments which remain to be fulfilled will be found in another column. This, we believe, is Mr. Brown's first visit to Washington County; and while we congratulate our friends in that region on his appearance among them, we cannot forbear to express our regret that his stay must be so brief.

MR. EDITOR: I am authorized to correct a slight mistake which was made in your mention of Miss Forten. She has received the situation of *Assistant*, not of *Principal*, in one of the grammar schools of Salem, Mass. The Principal of the school is a gentleman. E. A. N.

JUGDE MCLEAN has denied an application for a habeas corpus in favour of the imprisoned Free State men of Kansas, on the ground that, as they were committed by a Court of competent jurisdiction, he had no legal right to interfere.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE opens with a very interesting paper, "The Natural History of German Life," from the *Westminster Review*, and contains a capital story, "Tom Elliot's Prize," from *Bentley's Miscellany*, *The Athenæum's* notice of Olmsted's "Seaboard Slave States," Part 2d of "The Athelings," &c. 343 Broadway.

Summary.

THE MILK IN THE COCOANUT.—If there be truth in the report that John Van Buren is to wed the daughter of the late Gov. McDuffie, says the Charleston (S. C.) *Standard*, "he will come into possession of a fine lot of negroes, and this fact is supposed to account for his recent change of opinion on matters pertaining to the institution of slavery."

TUBS AND PAILS.—The Fitchburg *Reveille* says that the town of Winchendon, Mass., is more largely engaged in the manufacture of wooden ware than any other place in the country. They furnish annually 1,560,000 pails, 240,000 tubs, 15,000 churns, and 100,000 toy pails, that have a total value of $360,000, or about $1,000 a day, including Sundays, through the year.

LEAN DIET.—A Methodist minister at the West, who lived on a very small salary, was greatly troubled at one time to get his quarterly installment. He at last told the paying trustee that he must have the money, as his family were suffering for the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the steward. "*You preach for money?* I thought you preached for the good of souls!" "Souls!" replied the minister, "I can't eat souls, and if I could, it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal!"

WITTY BUT WICKED.—That was an equivocal compliment which was paid to Paul the Apostle, and to an excellent preacher on a Mississippi steamer. A tipsy and talkative Western man came up to the clergyman, and delivered himself in this wise, grasping his hand and bowing ludicrously:

"How dy'e do, doctor? glad to see you; you're the preacher for me; you're a true disciple of the 'Postle Paul. I like Paul very much, very much, indeed—'cause you know as soon as he got ashore, he went to *three taverns!*"

A CONSISTENT WOMAN.—Mrs. Tamar Davis, of Greenwich, N. J., is out in a long article, which she publishes in the *Bridgeton Chronicle*, wherein she attempts to prove that "public schools are a nuisance." She has written a book to prove slavery a beautiful and lovely state of society, and is a determined opponent of the Temperance movement. She is certainly consistent, for Intemperance, Ignorance and Slavery are triplets of one mother. Mrs. Tamar Davis, strange as it may appear, is a wife and a mother, and yet boldly publishes such sentiments.

NOVEL USE OF CHLOROFORM.—The editorial correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune*, "G. W. K.," writing from New Braunfels, Texas, relates the following anecdote of a too indulgent mother, living near San Antonio: "The most indulgent mother I have heard of lately lives some two and a half hours' drive from San Antonio, on the left. It was a long time before she would admit that her eldest and best beloved boy—a refractory and turbulent little fellow—richly merited a flagellation; and when she finally gave in that he was entitled to a 'course of sprouts,' she contended *that he should be put under the influence of chloroform* before the saplings were applied. Solomon, with all his wisdom, was behind the present fast age in administering to juvenile delinquents."

ONE KIND OF BAD POETRY.—The *Criterion*, noticing a new volume of poems, says:

"The poetry is bad, for what some may think a singular reason, because it is not good—because there is nothing in it but mere English and common-place. That is, it cannot be called bad, as being nonsensical and stupid—for it is plain, simple, and sometimes sensible; but it is bad negatively, as not being good—as it never rises above the dead level of mediocrity."

This well expresses the character of much of the so-called poetry sent to editors for publication. It is the least satisfactory kind of verse, for we can neither laugh at nor admire it—condemn nor praise it—and so are put to sad shifts—such as *accidentally* mislaying it—to get rid of it!—*Woman's Adv.*

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—One of the sweetest incidents which we have noticed for many a day—and one which shows the effect of early training, assisted by a pure and undefiled imagination—has just fallen under our observation. It is thus related: A lady visited New York City and saw on the sidewalk a ragged, cold and hungry little girl, gazing wistfully at some of the cakes in a shop window. She stopped, and, taking the little one by the hand, led her into the store. Though she was aware that bread might be better for the cold child than cake, yet, desiring to gratify the shivering and forlorn one, she bought and gave her the cake she wanted. She then took her to another place, where she procured her a shawl and other articles of comfort. The grateful little creature looked the benevolent lady up full in the face, and with artless simplicity, said, "Are you God's wife?" Did the most eloquent speaker ever employ words to better advantage?

IMPORTANCE OF RECREATION. — The Hon. Edward Everett used the following language in a recent speech:

"The Americans, as a people—at least the professional and mercantile classes—have too little considered the importance of healthful recreation. They have not learned the lesson contained in the very word which teaches that the worn-out man is recreated, made over again by the seasonable relaxation of the strained faculties. The old world learned this lesson years ago, and found out that, as the bow always bent will at last break, so the man forever on the strain of thought and action will at last go mad and break down. Thrown upon a new continent eager to do the work of twenty centuries in two, the Anglo-American population has overworked and is daily overworking itself. From morning to night—from January to December—brain and hands, eyes and fingers, the powers of the body and mind, are in spasmodic, merciless activity. There is no lack of a few tasteless and soulless dissipations which are called amusements, but noble athletic outdoor exercises are too little cultivated in town or country."

WHITE SLAVES.—What security have the German and Irish that their children will not, within a hundred years, be reduced to slavery in this land of their adoption? How do they know that such sheets as the *Enquirer*, will not howl against their posterity, just as it howls against a man who has a drop of mulatto blood in his veins? Is colour any protection? No indeed. On last Monday a mother and a boy, haggard with long travel, after a brief rest, crossed the river from the land of slavery, *en route* for Canada. The bloodhounds were after them; and if they had been caught by the editor of the *Enquirer*, they would have been sent back, as the mother had already three times been, to slavery; yet the boy was fairer far than H. H. Robinson ever was. His mild, bright eyes were full of intelligence, his head was finely shaped, and the curling ringlets of auburn hair that clustered about his brow were extremely beautiful. The mother was a woman somewhat darker than her son, of uncommon intelligence and energy. She was a Christian mother flying with her white child from the demon of slavery. Would not the wretches who were after her sell and manacle poor whites, if they had the power? —*Cincinnati Freeman.*

The Opelousas *Courter* contains the following—a sample of the common advertisements of the kind in the Southern press—setting forth the ability of bloodhounds to catch skilful mechanics and labourers when they run away from their democratic masters:

"HO! FOR THE RUNAWAYS.—The undersigned informs the public, and his friends of this and neighbouring parishes, that, having purchased a pack of excellent hounds for runaway slaves, he is now ready to answer any call that may be made to him, one mile south of Opelousas, or at the office of the *Courier*, in Opelousas.

"His charges will be $25 for catching a runaway, or $5 per day for hunting, from the day he leaves his house. In case that he should hunt the runaway during five or six days, the charge will yet be $25; and if the runaway should come back to his quarters after the dogs are out on him, we will claim the $25, it being the natural consequence and result of the hunt.

"Opelousas, May 17, 1856.—tf. MCHENRY HUSBAND."

It will be observed that McHenry Husband, Esq., in advertising, turns the office of the Opelousas *Courier* into a Poste-restante, which we think about the most appropriate use a Southern "Democratic" newspaper office can be put to. For if the paper advertise the bloodhounds and uphold slavery, it should not stop there, but ought to receive orders also for the employment of bloodhounds. Slavery has accustomed this Republic to any barbarity, but still there is something ghastly in the fact of a newspaper office—the temple of liberty—receiving commission for the employment of bloodhounds to catch the affrighted fugitive in the exercise of his inalienable right to "liberty and the pursuit of happiness."—*Tribune.*

The following specimen of the "eloquence of the bar," in a not distant Western State, was actually delivered, as we know from a correspondent, as here reported in his notes. The case was the trial of a person on a writ of *inquirendo lunatico*. Which side the "learned" and eloquent advocate was on, it is somewhat difficult to ascertain from his speech:

"The counsel on the other side, sir, misapprehends the principle involved in this important case. Law, sir, is very simple, if we understand its elementary principles. The principle of this case, sir, is to be found in the horn books of the profession. I hold in my hand, sir, a volume of Blackstone, sir, the great author of the English law; yes, sir, I hold in my hand, sir, that glorious *magnus chartus*, the foundation and bulwark of English liberty, which was wrung by the illustrious King John, suword in hand, from the bloody Barons on the banks of the pleasant Bonnymede, on that momentous occasion! But, sir, I did not intend to make a speech, sir; and as I have not examined the question, sir, I submit it to the court with these few and incongruvial remarks."—*Knickerbocker.*

QUALIFICATION OF A MISSISSIPPI EDITOR.—The Yazoo (Miss.) *American Banner* is owned by a Miss Harriet N. Prewett. This lady has secured the services of a "political editor," whom she thus announces:

"We have the pleasure of announcing to the readers of the *American Banner* that Mr. John T. Smith, an able writer and a zealous American, who has been connected with the Mississippi Press for fourteen years, has been engaged to take charge of the political department of this paper during the canvass. Mr. Smith, though a remarkably courteous and amiable gentleman, has fought five duels, killing his man every time. He brings into the political canvass, besides a general stock of political information and zeal for the cause, two bowie-knives, one of Parson Beecher's Sharp's rifles, two six-shooters, and sundry canes and shillalahs, not to speak of a pair of brass knuckles. We bespeak Mr. Smith a cordial reception by the press-gang.

"P. S. Mr. Smith brings into the service a ferocious pair of whiskers and a diabolical moustache, which will carry dismay into the ranks of the adversary. He has not yet arrived at his post; his daguerreotype, by the way, may be seen at Corney's, taken in the inimitable style of that artist.

"N. B. Challenges received from 9 o'clock a. m. to 3 p.m."

A HERO CANED.—Canes continue to be poured in upon Brooks, who, in the glowing words of certain of the donors, "put the Senator from Massachusetts where he should be," knocking Mr. Sumner down with a precision worthy of the best footpad in the worst times. For our part, we think Brooks cannot be too much caned. Nevertheless, with a modesty certainly unknown to Blueskin, he received every new cane with a new effusion of modesty. He knocked down an unarmed man by stealth, and blushes, and well he may, to find it fame. Thus, he says to the men of Charleston, "I accept the Palmetto cane as an evidence of the generosity of my friends in Charleston and not for any merit of my own." Jack Sheppard might have envied such diffidence. We have heard that when all the canes are duly presented to the hero of the bludgeon, it is intended to solicit Brooks to sit for his full length, when he will be painted grasping all the sticks, even as Chatterton, the marvellous boy, paints death—

"Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist."

We have further heard that, to vary the offering of sticks, a testimonial *garrotte*, manufactured from the iron of a nigger's chain, beautifully polished, and preciously mounted, will also be presented to Mr. Brooks. The testimonial will be in every way worthy of the man; worthy of the act that has so endeared him to the heroes of the South.—*Punch.*

ABSENCE OF MIND IN THE PULPIT.—The Meriden (Conn.) *Transcript* has the following: "The paragraph which we published a week or two ago, giving an account of a remarkable case of absent-mindedness which occurred in this town—a minister having gone into the desk of a neighbouring vestry and conducted the services, supposing that he was in his own—having taxed the credulity of several of our cotemporaries, we take occasion here to vouch for its entire correctness. Not only was the Rev. gentleman so absorbed that he walked into the wrong vestry, and into the desk of a brother of a different doctrinal faith, but he actually opened the meeting, and had proceeded some ways with the services before he discovered his error. Meantime brother No. 2, coming in, found his desk occupied, and in a puzzled mood quietly took his seat with the congregation, determined to wait further developments. 'Phancy the feelinks' of brother No. 1, when brother No. 2 arose and said that he had come with the expectation of presiding over the meeting as usual, but was happy to see his desk so well occupied, and that he arose simply to indorse the remarks which his brother had just made. The congregation of brother No. 1, after waiting a sufficient length of time, concluded that from some cause they were in the predicament of the 'sheep without a shepherd,' and so appointed the deacon to preside, and had an interesting meeting on their own hook."

THE FOLLY OF DUELLING.—This most pusillanimous practice was one day made the theme of conversation in a large party in London, where Doctor Franklin dined. The philosophers and divines of the company joined unanimously to execrate it; and so many sensible and severe things were said against it that everybody seemed willing to give it up to its father, the devil, except a young officer, whose ugly distortions showed plainly enough that he did not at all relish their strictures. As soon as they were done, he called aloud: "Well, gentlemen, you may preach as much as you please against duelling, but I'll never pocket an insult, for all that. If any man affront me, I'll call him to an account, if I lose my life for it."

The philosophers and divines looked at each other in silence, like fools who had shot their last bolt.

Here Franklin took up the cudgel, and, looking at the young officer with a smile, said: "This, sir, puts me in mind of what lately happened in a Philadelphia coffee-house."

The young fellow rather pertly said he should like to hear what had lately happened in a Philadelphia coffee-house.

"Why, sir," continued the doctor, "two gentlemen were sitting together in the coffee-house, when one said to the other, 'For Heaven's sake, sir, sit further off, and don't poison me; you smell as bad as a pole-cat.'"

"Sir," retorted the other, "what do you mean? Draw, and defend yourself."

"O, sir," quoth the first, "I'll beat you in a moment, if you insist on it; but let's see, first, how that's to *mend the matter*. If you kill me, I shall smell as bad as a pole-cat too. And if I kill you, you will only *smell ten times worse!*"

REVISION OF THE BIBLE.—Deacon A——, and Deacon B——, the former a zealous advocate and the latter a strenuous opponent of new versions, had been for some time arguing the question of a revision of the English Scriptures. Deacon A—— had urged the frequent errors and inaccuracies in King James's Version, while Deacon B—— as warmly urged the claims of the "old-fashioned Bible," and, while he admitted that there was now and then an error in translation, insisted that King James' Version was "very good as a whole." The discussion was waxing warm, and there seemed but little prospect of agreement, when Deacon A——, suddenly dismissing the question, and turning to Deacon B——, thus addressed him: "Bro. B——, you remember that cow I bought of you a few days since?"

Deacon B.—"Of course."

Deacon A.—"I haven't paid you, I believe."

Deacon B.—"Why, no, I believe not; but that is immaterial."

Deacon A.—"It was twenty-five dollars, I believe."

Deacon B.—"Exactly."

Deacon A.—"Well, here is the gold."

Deacon B. [counting it leisurely until he comes to a counterfeit dollar].—"Why, Bro. A., that dollar won't pass—it's counterfeit."

Deacon A.—"Counterfeit, eh? Well, what of it?"

Deacon B. [very much excited].—"Why, Mr. A. I don't understand you. *I say that dollar is counterfeit, and I shan't take it.*"

Deacon A. [archly].—"Why, my dear brother, don't get excited. I know that one dollar is counterfeit; but isn't the money '*very good as a whole?*'"

Deacon B—— is now a "Revisionist."

THE TOBACCO NUISANCE.—W. H. Fry, in a letter to the *Tribune* describing a voyage from New York to Philadelphia, says:

"A journey hither from New York convinces me, for the thousandth time, of the fact that, peripatetically, the Americans evolve the most nastiness of any people in the universe. The peripatetic nastiness of which I speak is the prevailing habit of many Americans of chewing tobacco, and squirting and spitting it right, left and centre in the cars, regardless of silks or drillings, age, beauty, artistic sentiment, or patent-leather boots. Reading in a railway car is bad for the eyes. Conversation, too, is frequently a bore, and is difficult to carry on with due privacy amid the jar, whirr and roar of the steam-hurled carriages. But with all allowance for such unpleasant solitudes in crowds while travelling, this habit of expectoration of the foul juices of the noisome weed is not only unworthy of gentlemen, but ghastly as an element of civilization. To spit in the presence of an Arab is an insult. Would that it were so in this country. I never think so well of a man after he spits in the presence of women. It is a sexual slight; nay more, a deliberate, outworked, elaborate piece of beastliness worthy of a savage. 'Just look at my dress,' said a lady to me; and she showed me her travelling habit literally reeking with the tobacco-spit of some foul-mouthed fellow who had expressed a tobacco-puddle around her in the car. The man who acted so did not mean badly; he would doutless have shown the lady in question all the civilities due the sex while travelling, in a manner which has rendered the national name proverbial. But this conceded, and we must condemn the act in question, which daily, hourly, by sunlight, moonlight, starlight, and no light at all is degrading, defiling, and physically (and hence morally) debauching the entire American community."

THE PERFECT NAIVETE OF THE QUAKERS AS PREACHERS has certainly no parallel in the eloquence of other sects. For example, Joseph John Gurney, when here, was to hold forth, one Sunday. It was oven-wise hot. All the saintly and sweating world was assembled to hear him. For two mortal hours the congregation sat mute. Breathing there was, but the loveliest eyes flashed not. The utmost seething repose marked the assembly. They waited, calm as a frozen lake, though the atmosphere simmered with heat, the moment the spirit should move Joseph. They waited, and waited, and waited. Joseph sat mild as a Sphynx—that grand eternity-loafer of the Nile. Joseph sat over again, and did not move. Could that be *the* Joseph? The eloquent—the famed—the brother of that lovely turnkey, Mrs. Fry? Could n't Joseph pump up an idea, with all the saintly antecedents of the place? Would n't the spirit of Penn move him? Could n't he derive from the large-hearted man (who will live longer than Macaulay yet) some souvenir of apostolic vitality, titillating the roots of the tongue and making it work in oracular beauty with the brain? No, Joseph could not. He sat, and he sat, and he sat. To the assembly it was all as natural as blood-drops to the heart. At last—Joseph arose. He arose, and the characteristic eloquence of his soul and speech, they came? No. He arose, and, passing a pocket handkerchief over his streaming brow, he said: "Since I have been sitting here, I have experienced a great poverty of ideas." Whether it was the weather, or whether it was the weather or no, those words of the heated term were all that came from the renowned orator of the Quaker persuasion. The elders gave the sign of the friendly grasp, and all the youngers followed; and then the meeting broke up, just as if the most natural thing in the world had happened. And it was the most natural thing. Therein lay its beauty.—W. H. F.—*Tribune—letter from Phila.*

THE ARKANSAS TRAVELLER.—SPECIMENS OF THE POOR WHITE PEOPLE DOWN SOUTH.—Yesterday, between 12 and 1 o'clock, there halted at the corner of Fourth and Main streets a travelling party from Arkansas, which, from its singular appearance, at once drew a crowd. It consisted of a father, mother, three children and a hand-cart. (They had no dog.) The cart had a rude square box on it, capable of holding about a bushel, and a canvass cover bent over three hoops. The father dragged the cart, having a strap over his shoulder for a horse-collar, and the oldest boy (about eight years of age), similarly harnessed with a piece of old rope, made the leader (a tandem team). Behind the cart walked the mother, carrying the baby, while an older child rode. A coffee mill was screwed on to the side of the box, and a skillet, a few milk-pans and a little bedding were inside.

The man was a tall, gaunt, bony Kentuckian, and had on a cotton shirt of negro cloth, and part of a pair of butternut-coloured Kentuckian jeans trowsers. We say part of a pair, for the seat was gone. The woman had on a butternut-coloured gown and a sun-bonnet. She sat down on the door step of Messrs. Bradley's jewelry store to rest. Persons passing—commiserating their condition—handed them some fifty cents and some a dollar note, until the father got frightened at it and determined to move on to avoid having too much money thrust upon them. He wrapped a few of the notes around the shafts of the cart, where he held them to make it easier for his hands, and gave the rest to his "old woman."

As they started, she insisted on putting the baby into the cart. She said, "I not a gwine to kerry him *bar*-headed along here now, d'ye hear?"

"You may talk about the old country," said a German, "but that beats all the world." In answer to our inquiries, they said they were natives of Bath County, Kentucky—had emigrated thence to the White river country in Arkansas, but it was too hot there, and last Fall they set out for Ohio and had been travelling ever since—had come the whole distance overland. The woman said they slept out door—hadn't been inside of a house for more 'an two months. The man said he meant to go on till he got to Ohio. He evidently had little idea of where he was.—*Cincinnati Gazette, July* 22.

INDEPENDENCE THE CHIEF VALUE OF MONEY.—The *Criterion*, in a review of our "Lives of American Merchants," quotes the maxim of Peter C. Brooks, one of the subjects of that work, viz., "*The whole value of wealth consists in the personal independence it secures*," a maxim, says the *Criterion*, "that deserves to be placed on every book in which mercantile transactions are recorded." We find in one of our exchanges an amusing and singular illustration of the Merchant's maxim too good to be lost. It is this:

A man named Porter says he once had a clerical friend between whom and himself there existed great intimacy.

Every Saturday night, as Porter was sitting balancing his cash, a note would come requesting "the loan of a five-dollar bill." The money was always returned punctually at 8 o'clock on the Monday morning. But what puzzled the lender was, the parson always returned the very identical note he borrowed. Since he had discovered this fact, he made private marks on the note; still the same one was handed back on Monday morning. One Saturday evening Porter sent a five-dollar gold piece instead of a note, and marked it. Still the very same coin was returned on the Monday. Porter got nervous and bilious about it; he could not sleep at night for thinking about it; he would wake his wife in the middle of the night, and ask her what she thought of such an occurrence. He was fast boiling over with curiosity, when a note came from the reverend borrower, one Christmas eve, asking for the loan of ten dollars. A brilliant thought struck our friend. He put on his great coat, resolving to call and demand an explanation of the mystery.

When he was shown into his friend's study, he found him plunged into the profoundest melancholy.

"Mr. ——," said our friend, "if you will answer me one question, I will let you have the ten dollars. How does it happen that you always repay me the money you borrow on the Saturday night in the very same coin or note on Monday?"

The parson raised his head, and, after a violent struggle, as though he were about to unveil the hoarded mystery of his soul, said, in faltering tones:

"Porter, you are a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian, and a New Yorker—I know I can rely on your inviolable secrecy. Listen to the secret of my eloquence. You know that I am poor; and when I have bought my Sunday dinner, I have seldom a red cent left in my pocket. Now, I maintain that no man can preach the Gospel and blow up his congregation properly without he has something in his pocket to inspire him with confidence. I have, therefore, borrowed five dollars of you every Saturday, that I might feel it occasionally as I preached on Sunday. You know how independently I preach—how I make the rich shake in their shoes. Well, it is all owing to my knowing that I have a five-dollar bill in my pocket. Of course, never having to use it for any other purpose, it is not changed, but invariably returned to you the next morning. Now, as Mr. George Law is coming to hear me preach to-morrow, I thought I would try the effect of a ten-dollar bill sermon on him."—*Merchants' Magazine.*

DIED.

HICKS.—In Brooklyn, on the 12th inst., of dysentery, Charles Follen, youngest son of Sarah F. and the late Edgar Hicks, aged 14 years.

Acknowledgments, from July 1 to August 1.

FOR STANDARD.

888	Thomas Cole, Salisbury, N. Y.	$6 00
892	Dr. Abram Brooke, Marlborough, O.	2 00
832	Matthias Hutchinson, King's Ferry, N. Y.	2 00
859	H. R. Warriner, Hawley, Mass.	2 00
722	A. S. Wellman, Yorkshire Corners, N. Y.	1 00
884	Rev. O. B. Frothingham, Jersey City, N. J.	2 00
828	James Harwood, Patterson, N. J.	2 87
838	Thomas McClintock, Easton, Pa.	2 00
880	Wm. McDougal, Oswayo, Pa.	2 00
898	D. Ricketson, New Bedford, Mass.	2 00
845	Wm. S. George, Boston, Mass.	2 00
833	Effingham L. Capron, Worcester, Mass.	2 00
884	William D. Prouty, " "	2 00
842	Henry H. Chamberlin, " "	2 00
847	Augustus Tucker, " "	2 00
885	Samuel May, Jr., Leicester, "	2 00
836	John Tweedy, Pleasant Valley, N. Y.	2 00
873	William H. Burleigh, N. Y. City	2 00
859	Lydia Cudworth, Manchester, N. Y.	2 00
842	Rev. J. F. Clarke, Boston, Mass.	5 40
840	O. West, S. Reading, "	4 00
884	Mrs. E. M. Sturges, Roxbury, Mass.	4 00
868	George Benson, N. Y. City	1 00
894	Charles G. Kenyon, Apponaug, R. I.	2 00
894	William M. Howland, Leominster, Mass.	2 00
855	Samuel Fish, Fly Creek, Ind.	3 00

DONATION.

Lydia Cudworth, Manchester, N. Y.	$50 00

Donations for the Tract Fund,

BY JOSEPH A. HOWLAND.

Jefferson Church, Springfield, Mass.	$2 00
Ebenezer Thwing, " "	1 00
J. Hamilton, " "	50
Friend, " "	10
B. Ringgold, Chickopee, Mass.	1 00
H. Holden, " "	50
Dr. Field, Leominster, Mass.	1 00
James H. Carter, Leominster, Mass.	50
E. Eager, " "	25
T. C. Caldwell, Fitchburg, Mass.	1 00
Abel F. Adams, " "	1 00
Jabez Fisher, " "	1 00
W. P. Tilden, " "	1 00
Mrs. Judith Hathaway, Duxbury, Mass.	1 00
Benjamin Chase, Auburn, N. H.	1 00

FRANCIS JACKSON, Treasurer.

Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society.

Receipts during the month of July, 1856.

Sarah Parker,	$3 00	J. Moore,	$4 00
Elizabeth Vaughn,	10 00	Cyrus Brinton,	1 00
N. Patterson,	1 00	M. Whitson,	1 50
Thomas Garrett,	5 00	Micah Whitson,	5 00
A. H. Love,	5 00	John Freeman,	1 00
Sarah Tyndale,	10 00	Joseph Warner,	5 00
M. J. Ashton,	1 00	Rebecca Lippincott,	5 00
Jonathan Pickering,	3 00	E. M. Davis,	100 00
Henry Grew,	30 00	Reuben Winslow,	10 00
Sarah Pugh,	10 00	Daniel Neall,	25 00
K. Hayhnerst,	2 00	Lydia White,	6 00
William A. Thomas,	20 00	Jesse James,	2 00
John Coxe,	5 00	Mary Woodman,	6 00
C. Smith,	2 50	J. H. Conrad,	3 00
Lucy Williams,	10 00	James Mott,	50 00
Sarah Comly,	10 00	B. R. Plumly,	100 00
L. Wright,	5 00	J. L. Pennock,	20 00
E. M. Comly,	1 00	Simmons Coates,	3 00
John King,	4 00	William Morris,	5 00
William Malin,	5 00	Phila. Female Society,	50 00
Joseph Rambo,	2 50	Samuel Rhoads,	4 00
Edward Clark.	20 00	Ellwood Mendenhall,	6 00
John Hines,	1 00	Seth Ely,	1 00
D. Kime,	2 00	Wm. Lloyd,	10 00
Joseph Moore,	5 00	Peter Frick,	5 00
Thomas Whitson,	10 00	Samuel Hacket,	1 00
Joseph Hood,	3 00	Samuel Lippincott,	3 00
J. Pyle,	1 00	Jonathan Paxson,	2 90
Joseph Scarlett,	2 00	Lucretia Mott,	50 00
James Jackson,	3 00	Joseph Fussell,	1 00

In the last report of the receipts of the Pennsylvania A. S. Society, "A Friend in *Berks* County," credited with $10, was erroneously printed "a Friend in *Bucks* County." Samuel Holcomb was credited with $1 instead of $5. M. K. Taylor with $5 instead of $10, and Clayton Miller with $1 instead of $3. These errors were partly typographical, and partly from transposition of figures in copying. SARAH PUGH, Treas.

Special Notices.

☞WM. WELLS BROWN will speak on American Slavery as follows:

Union Village, N. Y.	Saturday evening	Aug. 16.
" "	Sunday afternoon	" 17.
Saratoga, N. Y	Tuesday evening	" 19.
" "	Wednesday "	" 20.
Pittsfield, Mass.	Sunday afternoon	" 24.
" "	Monday evening	" 25.
Lenox, "	Tuesday "	" 26.
" "	Wednesday "	" 27.

☞ON account of the expected absence of the undersigned, in Pennsylvania, &c., for a number of weeks to come, all letters relating to meetings and lectures of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society may be addressed to JOSEPH A. HOWLAND, Worcester, Mass.; to whom also Agents are referred for information wanted. On other business of the Society, address R. F. WALLCUT, 21 Cornhill, Boston.

SAMUEL MAY, JR.,
General Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

August 5, 1856.

☞ OHIO YEARLY MEETING OF FRIENDS OF HUMAN PROGRESS.—All persons, without regard to sect, sex, colour, condition or opinion, who are desirous of participating with the Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress, in their efforts to elevate the social, moral or religious condition of mankind, are invited to meet together at Salem, Columbiana Co., Ohio, Saturday the 6th day of September, 1856, at 10 o'clock, a. m. The meeting will probably continue for three days.

In again convening this annual assembly of free spirits who dare to engage in promoting truth and meeting the wants of this age, without falling back upon the old landmarks of authoritative assumptions, the Committee feel assured that the coming Meeting will not fall behind any of its predecessors in interest, but that the fountains of fresh thought, and fresh interest, will be sustained by the increasing interest manifested in free associations, where all questions pertaining to man's best interests can be fairly and thoroughly canvassed.

Isaac Trescott,
Caroline Stanton,
Esther Harris,
Abraham Brooke,
Benj. S. Jones,
James Barnaby.

☞ONE HUNDRED ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTIONS.—The Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society have projected, and, with the aid of Auxiliary Societies, propose to hold, during the ensuing season, a series of ONE HUNDRED CONVENTIONS. These Conventions will be held in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, &c.—wherever, indeed, opportunity and means will allow. The Committee earnestly invoke the co-operation of the members of the Society, and of all friends of Freedom and Humanity, in every part of the land, their sympathy and their contributions, that these Conventions may be rendered in the highest degree effective, and the presage of the near approach of the perfect triumph of Liberty.

The series, which has already been commenced, will be continued as follows:

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—T. WENTWORTH HIGGINSON, of Worcester, will be present and address the Anti-Slavery meeting in Providence, on Sunday, August 17.

HAVERHILL, Mass.—PARKER PILLSBURY and ANDREW T. FOSS, Agents of the American and Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Societies, will attend an Anti-Slavery meeting for Haverhill and vicinity, to convene at the Town Hall on Saturday evening, August 16th, at 7½ o'clock, and to continue on Sunday the 17th, a. m. and p. m., at the Unitarian meeting-house (Rev. R. HASSALL, pastor), and again in the evening at the Hall.

☞ PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR. — The Twenty-first Anti-Slavery Fair of Pennsylvania will be held in the City of Philadelphia, on the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th of December, 1856.

At such a time as this, when the most startling national events are pleading the cause of Freedom, with eloquence beyond that of words, there is little need that we should accompany this announcement with arguments or expostulations urging the claims of our Annual Fair. We doubt not that all those who have, heretofore, faithfully laboured in it will, this year, resume their labours, with increased zeal and diligence, and that many who have never espoused our cause before will now be impelled, by their burning indignation at the outrages which are filling our beloved country with anarchy and disgracing her before the civilized world, to come to the help of those who are striving to remove *the cause* of all this evil—AMERICAN SLAVERY.

The signs of the times are full of promise, and demonstrate, even to those who would not believe until they had seen, that twenty years of anti-slavery labour has not been in vain. The North is aroused. It is alarmed and indignant. But though so much has been accomplished, there has never been a moment since the commencement of our enterprise when it was more important that our standard should be borne aloft, and our conflict unremitted, than it is at the present hour. Our earliest battle-cry, "Immediate Emancipation," proclaims the only way of salvation for our country; and its constant utterance in the nation's ears is as needful now as ever. Our later watchword, "No Union with Slaveholders," which has gathered new strength and force from the recent tragedies enacted by the Slave Power, is most appropriate to this hour, and the duty which it proclaims should be urged with untiring fidelity upon the conscience of the North. The toils of conflict increase as the hour of victory approaches. They who have borne the heat and burden of a long day will surely not falter now; and they who, at this late hour, will rally under our standard we welcome to victory and a glorious jubilee.

We resume the work of preparation for our Twenty-first Fair, hopefully. The routine of this labour is now so well understood that we need say only that any contributions of money or merchantable commodities will be thankfully accepted by the Committee, and that donations may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 31 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee.

Sarah Pugh,
Sarah L. Child,
Lucretia Mott,
Rebecca S. Hart,
Huldah Justice,
Evelina Supple,
Mary Shaw,
Emma Parker,
Martha Carman,
Hannah L. Stickney,
Mary T. Stickney,
Margaret Forten,
Gulielma M. Jones,
Lydia White,
Margaretta J. Burleigh,
Mary Grew,
Elizabeth J. Lewis,
Sarah A. McKim,
Harriet D. Purvis,
Clementina R. John,
Anna M. Hopper,
Maria M. Davis,
Mary M. Jennings,
Emily W. Taylor,
Rebecca Plumly,
Elizabeth Carman,
Mary A. Hall,
Mary Teese,
Susan W. Shaw,
Ann Parker,
Anna M. Child,
Elizabeth Clendenon,
Martha Kimber,
Abby Kimber,
Sarah Kenderdine,
Elizabeth M. Davis,
Martha A. Galvin,
Margaret Griscom,
Roxana Thompson,
Anna Shoemaker,
Lydia Gillingham,
Caroline Wise,
Eliza L. S. Thomas,
Marian Jane Mitchell,
Elizabeth Magee.

☞ THE TWENTY-THIRD NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY BAZAAR will be held, as usual, in BOSTON, during Christmas and New Year's Week. *Time and place of opening to be decided hereafter.*

The Anti-Slavery cause has at length, after a quarter of a century of labours, taken possession, in one form or another, of almost every mind in our American community. To men of great sympathies, it has shown the sufferings of the slave; to men of a profound sense of right, it has shown his wrongs; to men whose hope is in another life, it has shown him deprived of Bibles, and Sabbaths, and sanctuary privileges; to men whose hope is in this life, it has shown him deprived of education and the means of self-improvement and success. To patriots, it has shown their country's shame and danger. To politicians, it has shown one of the most selfish and accursed interest devouring every true one. To Christians, it has shown their Redeemer crucified afresh in the persons of these the least of his brethren. To philanthropists, it has shown human nature degraded and ruined in the person of both master and slave, by the outrages of the one against the liberty of the other.

The function of the undersigned, whose privilege, during all these years, it has been to give themselves to the work, has been to arouse their countrymen to the necessity of taking an onward and upward step with the advancing century. We print books, sustain newspapers, and send out agents, to disseminate truth, and to follow it up with argument, appeal, entreaty, with statements of facts on every department of the subject—theological, financial, political, social—in order to bring about the abolition of slavery.

The coming occasion of the TWENTY-THIRD BAZAAR, is for the purpose of raising funds to that effect; and we confidently call upon every compassionate, just, patriotic, Christian and philanthropic heart in the land for aid. NAY, WE CALL ON EVERY HEART, WITHOUT EXCEPTION; for the power and beauty of this Cause is shown in its faculty of changing the public heart into its own excellent likeness. But especially, let all who pity fugitives help us; for our funds go directly to awaken that public sympathy which gives the slave a refuge on every threshold. Especially, let all who wish to see Abolitionists in Congress, help *us*; for our funds go directly to arouse the sensibilities of every patriot, politician, statesman, legislator, elector. By our precept and example of NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS, we lead the van of a national movement towards the abolition of slavery, which every profound thinker clearly sees would stop without such leading; and we especially beseech all to help *us*, as it is the only means whereby worthier and swifter than we can take the lead, which only the necessity of the case has bound upon us.

We solicit correspondence, counsel and assistance from all friends of the slave, whether at home or in Europe, and we pledge ourselves to employ most conscientiously whatever of influence or money may be committed to our hands, and to make faithful account of the same at the close of our undertaking.

Communications may be addressed to the Committee at 21 Cornhill, Boston, Mass., or to 138 Nassau street, New York.

Maria Weston Chapman,
Louisa Loring,
Anne Warren Weston,
Sarah Shaw Russell,
Helen E. Garrison,
Sarah H. Southwick,
Abby Francis,
Amy M. Remond,
Elizabeth Gay,
Sarah R. May,
Susan C. Cabot,
Sarah Blake Shaw,
Eliza F. Eddy,
Elizabeth Von Arnim,
Mary May,
Eliza Lee Follen,
Ann Greene Phillips,
Frances Mary Robbins,
Ann Rebecca Bramhall,
Mary Willey,
Ann Shaw Greene,
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Mary H. Jackson,
Lydia D. Parker,
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Augusta King,
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Advertisements.

ROUND HILL WATER-CURE
AND
MOTORPATHIC INSTITUTE,
NORTHAMPTON, MASS.

In all the local advantages which render attractive an Institution for Invalids, and a Summer Retreat for others, seeking relaxation and pleasure, this stands alone and unrivalled. It is surrounded on two sides by forty acres of forest park, which affords a refreshing shade during the warm months and protection from the winds in Winter. The water is supplied in great abundance from living mountain springs, and is noted for its softness and purity. The Bathing facilities have just been wholly remodelled and greatly enlarged. They now embrace every modern improvement for the medical application of water, which is used in a thorough and scientific manner.

DR. H. HALSTED, the proprietor (formerly of Rochester, N. Y.), continues to pay particular attention to WOMAN'S diseases and weaknesses. The success which has attended his method of treating such complaints by his system of Motorpathy has given him a most extended practice. He discards the usual treatment of the day, and makes no use of artificial supports. His system is founded on new pathological principles, and by it permanent cures are effected with an ease and certainty heretofore unattained by any system of Therapeutics.

He also devotes himself to the cure of all the various kinds of CHRONIC Diseases. Having been for twenty years at the head of a Hydropathic Institution, and, within that time, having treated many of the most complicated cases, he has had an opportunity few have enjoyed of acquiring skill in the control of protracted and difficult complaints.

There is a Gymnasium, Billiard Room and Bowling Alley for the use of guests and patients. Gymastic and Calisthenic exercise are of the utmost importance for the expansion, development and healthy action of the lungs and various other organs, and in some cases are indispensable. Many modes are used to excite bodily and organic action, and thus to equalize the circulation, and to aid the secreting vessels without incurring the baneful reactive effects of powerful and injurious drugs.

One of Vergnes's Electro-Chemical Baths, for extracting all metalic substances, whether taken as medicine or otherwise absorbed, has also been obtained, and is in successful operation.

Circulars sent free to any address on application; "Exposition of Motorpathy," postage free on receipt of ten letter stamps; and "Motion—Life," on receipt of six.

Address H. HALSTED, M.D, Northampton, Mass.
April, 1856. 3m.

HOPEDALE HOME SCHOOL.—This Institution, located in the quiet village of Hopedale, in the midst of superior moral and social influences—influences radically Reformatory and Progressive—will enter upon its next Quarter on Thursday, July, 24th.

Particulars may be obtained by addressing either of the Principals, at Hopedale, Milford, Massachusetts.

WILLIAM S. HAYWOOD, ABBIE S. HAYWOOD, } Principals.
Hopedale, Mass, June 25, 1856. 4t

BRAMHALL, BONNELL & RICHMOND,
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DR. TAYLOR'S WATER-CURE, 650 SIXTH AVENUE, New York. Those desiring the benefits of the Hygienic and Water-Cure treatment will find at the above place superior advantages. Location, air, rooms, and arrangements generally, are of the best order. The Electro-Chemical Baths, as used here, are found invaluable in scrofulous and other similar affections.

Address G. H. TAYLOR, M.D., 650 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS—THEIR USES AND ABUSES: Testimony of the Progressive Friends. A tract of 16 pages, sanctioned by the Pennsylvania Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends and by the Waterloo (N. Y.) Yearly Meeting of Friends of Human Progress. For sale at the Anti-Slavery Offices in New York, Philadelphia and Boston. Price 3 cents single; 50 copies for $1.

EAGLESWOOD SCHOOL, Perth Amboy, N. J. For particulars, address THEODORE D. WELD, Principal. tf

Miscellaneous Department.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE TIMES.

[Extract from an Oration by G. W. Curtis, before the Literary Societies of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., August 5.]

That theme is the Scholar; the lesson of the day is the duty of the American scholar to politics.

I would gladly speak to you of the charms of pure scholarship; of the dignity and worth of the scholar; of the abstract relation of the scholar to the State. The sweet air we breathe and the repose of midsummer invite a calm ethical or intellectual discourse. But would you have counted him a friend of Greece who quietly discussed the abstract nature of patriotism on that Greek Summer day through whose hopeless and immortal hours Leonidas and his three hundred stood at Thermopylæ for liberty? And to-day, as the scholar meditates that deed, the air that steals in at his window darkens his study and suffocates him as he reads. Drifting across a continent and blighting the harvests that gild it with plenty from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, a black cloud obscures the page that records an old crime, and compels him to know that freedom always has its Thermopylæ, and that his Thermopylæ is called Kansas.

Because we are scholars of to-day, shall we shrink from touching the interests of to-day? Because we are scholars, shall we cease to be citizens? Because we are scholars, shall we cease to be men?

Gentlemen, I am glad that, speaking of the duty of the American scholar to the times, I can point to one who fully understands those duties and has illustrated them as Milton did. Among fellow-countrymen that scholar falls defending the name and rights of his countrymen, and one of those countrymen stares at him as he lies insensible, and will not raise him lest his motives be misunderstood; and another turns his back upon his bleeding colleague, because for two years he has not been upon speaking terms with him. Gentlemen, the human heart is just, and no traitor to humanity escapes his proper doom. Sacred history hands down to endless infamy the Priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side. Among gentlemen this scholar pleads the cause dear to every gentleman in history, and a bully strikes him down. In a Republic of free men, this scholar speaks for Freedom, and his blood stains the Senate floor. There it will blush through all our history. That damned spot will never out from memory, from tradition, or from noble hearts. Every scholar degrades his order, and courts the pity of all generous men, who can see a just liberty threatened, without deserting every other cause to defend liberty. Of what use are your books? Of what use is your scholarship? Without freedom of thought, there is no civilization or human progress; and without freedom of speech, liberty of thought is a mockery.

I know well that a conventional prejudice consecrates this occasion to dull abstractions and timid, if not treacherous, generalities. It would allow me to speak of the scholar, and of the American scholar, in his relation to Greek roots and particles, but would forbid me to mention his duties to American topics and times. I might speak of him as a professor, a dialectician, a dictionary, a grammar, but I must not speak of him as a man. I know that a literary orator is held to be bound by the same decencies that regulate the preacher. But what are those decencies? Is the preacher to rebuke the sins of Jerusalem or of Philadelphia? Is he to say in general "be good," when he sees in what particulars we are bad, and counsel silence and peace when silence and peace are treason to God and man? Are the liars to cry to the preacher, "it is not your business to denounce lying; we pay you to preach against sin?" But the preacher's Master cried, "Woe unto you Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites, for ye devour widows' houses." He specified sins and classified sinners. In our day the hot adjuration to a clergyman not to soil his pulpit with politics is merely the way in which the nineteenth century offers him the thirty pieces of silver.

What are politics but the Divine law applied to human government? Politics are the science of the relation of men in human society; and as the founder of Christianity taught peace and good will to men, how can the Christian preacher better fulfil his office than by showing how peace and good will may be introduced among men, and by exposing, in all the terror of truth, those whose policy fosters war and hatred among men? Why does the pulpit command so little comparative respect but because it does not apply truth to life? When the American people has great sins to account for, the smooth preacher touches with the dull edge of his reproof the sins of the Jewish people. Therefore with us the lecture-room is more thronged than the church, because the lecturer addresses the moral sense of the people upon their moral interests, and the most popular lecturers are the preachers who are most faithful in their pulpits to God and man, for their cause is one.

What is true of the preacher is true of the orator. I should insult your manhood, I should forget my own, if, in addressing you to-day, I did not say what I conceive to be the duty of the scholar to-day and here.

I. Of the Scholar—The popular idea of the scholar makes him a pale student of books, a recluse, a valetudinarian, an unpractical and impracticable man. He is a being with an endless capacity of literary and scientific acquisition. He is only a consumer, not a producer; or, if so, only a producer of useless results. Learning is supposed to be put into him, not as vegetables into the ground, whence, as they spring again, covering the earth with beauty and feeding the race, so learning is to flower into heroic deeds and consoling thoughts; but it is absorbed by him, as vegetables are thrown into a cellar, where they lie buried, not planted, producing only some poor, pallid, useless shoot, as his learning only germinates with some treatise upon the ablative absolute.

In the old plays and romances we have the same picture of an absent pedant; the easy prey of every knave, the docile husband of a termagant; who, because he could read a tragedy of Æschylus, could not tie his shoes. He belonged to great establishments as an encyclopedia, in the same way that the fool belonged to them as a jest book. Scholars were popularly ranked with women, having all their weakness and none of their charms.

This estimate grew naturally out of their exceptional character as monks; for, at the beginning of modern history, learning came out of the monasteries with the ecclesiastics. By religious vows the monks were separated from all secular interests, including the family relation. The reputation of the scholar arose from the character of the monk. The monk was a man who dealt professionally with ideas rather than men. Dreamer, poet, vagabond and scholar grew to be synonymous names. But while the mass of monks undoubtedly justified this judgment, it is in the few and not in the mass that their characteristics are to be sought; they were accused of not knowing men, but Gregory was a monk, and they belonged to the most sagacious organization in human history. They were called pedants and moles, but Abelard and Martin Luther were churchmen and scholars To call grammarians formalists, and swollen sponges of learning scholars, is to call a parish clerk a statesman. To call Bentley and Parr scholars is to insult Johnson and Milton. Sydney Smith tells of Dr. George who, hearing the great King of Prussia highly praised, said that he had his doubts whether the king, with all his victories, knew how to conjugate a Greek verb in *mi*. If you call Dr. George, and Wolff, and Hayne scholars, what name have you for Goëthe and Schiller?

In any just classification of human powers and pursuits the scholar is the representative of thought. Devoted to the contemplation of truth, he is, in the state, a public conscience by which public measures may be tested; the scholarly class, therefore, to which, now as of old, the clergy belong, is the upper house in the politics of the world.

Now, there is a constant tendency in material prosperity, when it is the prosperity of a class and not of the mass, to relax the severity of principle. Therefore we find that the era of noble thought in national history is not usually coincident with the greatest national prosperity. Greece was not greatest when rumours of war had ceased. Rome was not most imperial in the voluptuous calm of Constantinopolitan decay. The magnificent monotony of Bourbon tyranny in France, and the reign of its shop-keeping King, were not the grand eras of French history. Holland began as generously as America, and Holland has sunk into the imbecile apathy of commercial prosperity, without art, without literature, without a noble influence in the world, and with no promise of the future.

When Napoleon reviled England as a nation of shopkeepers, it was not an idle phrase. Napoleon knew that, both historically and in the nature of the case, it was the tendency of a long peace to foster trade, and that it is the inevitable tendency of trade, which is based upon self-interest, to destroy moral courage, because trade demands peace at any price, and peace is often to be purchased only by principle. When he said a nation of shopkeepers, he meant a nation whose ruling principle was private gain rather than public good, and the sagacious ruler knew that corruption and cowardice are twins.

The tendency of selfish trade is demoralizing, because its eagerness for peace constantly lowers the moral ideal. The private pocket inevitably becomes the arbiter of public policy. Plausibility supplants honesty; sophistication takes the place of simplicity, and the certain evils of the existing condition are resolutely preferred to the splendid possibilities of progress.

Thus it arises that the very material success for which nations, like individuals, strive, is full of the gravest danger to the best life of the state as of the individual. But as in human nature itself are found the qualities which best resist the proclivity of an individual to meanness and moral cowardice—as each man has a conscience, a moral mentor which assures him what is truly best for him to do—so has every state or class, which, by its very character, is dedicated to eternal and not to temporary interests; whose members are priests of the mind, not of the body, and who are, necessarily, the conservative party of intellectual and moral freedom.

This is the class of scholars. This elevation and correction of public sentiment is the scholar's office in the state.

To the right discharge of this duty all his learning is merely subsidiary; and if he fails to devote it to this end, he is recreant to his duty. The end of all such scholarly attainment is to live nobly. If a man reads books merely to know books, he is a tree planted only to blossom. If he read books to apply their wisdom to life, then he is a tree planted to bear glorious fruit. He does not think for himself alone, nor hoard a thought as a miser a diamond. He spends for the world. Scholarship is not only the knowledge that makes books, but the wisdom which inspires that knowledge. The scholar is not necessarily a learned man, but he is a wise man. If he be personally a recluse, his voice and influence are never secluded. If the *man* be a hermit, his mind is a citizen of the world.

If, then, such be the scholar, and the scholar's office, if he be truly the conscience of the state, the fundamental law of his life is liberty. At every cost the true scholar asserts and defends liberty of thought and liberty of speech. Of what use to a man is a thought that will help the world if he cannot tell it to the world? Such a thought comes to him as Jupiter came to Semele. He is consumed by the splendour that secretly possesses him. The Inquisition condemns Galileo's creed. *Pur muove*—still it moves—replies Galileo in his dungeon. Tyranny poisons the cup of Socrates; he smilingly drains it to the health of the world. The Church, towering vast in the mist of universal superstition, lays its withering finger upon the freedom of the human mind, and its own child, leaping from its bosom, denounces to the world his mother's madness.

I speak, of course, of the ideal scholar, of what the scholar ought to be, rather than of the historical men who have been called scholars; and yet I think we shall find the man whom we should select from history as *the scholar* is also the man who most nearly fulfils the conditions I have mentioned.

In English history, which is also our history, who is the scholar? Is it Roger Ascham, a pedant and a schoolmaster? Is it Ben Jonson, with his careless, cumbrous ease, borrowing his shilling, fighting his duel, writing his plays and his stately verses, and lighting up the "Mermaid" with his witty revelry? Is is either of the churchmen—even Jeremy Taylor, whose written wisdom breathes like organ music through English literature; or George Herbert, whose life shone with the beauty of holiness? Is it the sad Swift, the versatile Addison, the keen Pope, or the fastidious Gray, noting when crocusses opened and roses bloomed, leaving one poem and the record of a life as inoffensive as that of a college cat; or Bentley, or Porson, or Parr, who made valuable notes on valuable Greek classics; or Dr. Johnson, gravely supporting an aristocratic public policy, while he powerfully and pathetically rebuked aristocratic private conduct? Let the name of Dr. Johnson never be mentioned among scholars without a sad respect; but is he, distinctively, *the scholar* in English history?

There is one man, gentlemen, I have not mentioned. Your hearts go before my tongue to name him. Technical scholarship begins in a dictionary and ends in a grammar. The sublime scholarship of John Milton began in literature and ended in life.

Graced with every intellectual gift, he was personally so comely that the romantic woods of Vallambrosa are lovelier from their association with the youthful figure sleeping in their shade. He had all the technical excellencies of the scholar. At eighteen he wrote better Latin verse, than have been written in England. He replied to the Italian poets, who complimented him, in purer Italian than their own. He was profoundly skilled in theology, in science, and in the pure literature of all languages.

These were his accomplishments, but his genius was vast and vigorous. While yet a youth, he wrote those minor poems which have the simple perfection of the productions of nature; and in the ripeness of his wisdom and power, he turned his blind eyes to heaven and sang the lofty song which has given him a twin glory with Shakspeare in English renown.

It is much for one man to have exhausted the literature of other nations and to have enriched his own. But other men have done this in various degrees. Milton went beyond it to complete the circle of his character as the scholar.

You know the culmination of his life. The first scholar in England and in the world at that time fulfilled his office. His vocation making him especially the representative of liberty, he accepted the part to which he was naturally called, and turning away from all the blandishments of ease and fame, he gave himself to liberty and immortality.

Is the scholar a puny, timid, conforming man? John Milton showed him to be the greatest citizen of the greatest Commonwealth. Disdaining to talk of the liberty of the Shunamites when the liberty of Englishmen was imperilled, he exposed the details of a blind tyranny in words which are still the delight and refuge of freedom, and whose music is majestic as the cause they celebrate. The radiance of those principles is still the glory of history. They still search out and expose the wiles of tyranny, as the light of a great beacon flashing at midnight upon the mountain top reveals the tent of the enemy skulking on the plain.

While the men of Norfolk and of the fens were mustering to march away for liberty—to return no more—he did not stay to conjugate Greek verbs in *mi*, nor conceive that the scholar's library was his post of honour. In words that are the eternal rebuke of every scholar, of every literary man, of every clergyman who, in a day when human liberty is threatened, does not stand for liberty, but cringes under the courtesies of position, Milton cries to us across two hundred years, with a voice of multitudinous music, like that of a great wind in a forest: "I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, notwithstanding dust and heat."

Can you not fancy the parish beadles getting up and walking rapidly away from such sentiments? Can you not fancy all the noble and generous hearts in the world shouting, through all the centuries, "Amen! Amen!"

Gentlemen, the scholar is the representative of thought among men, and his duty to society is the effort to introduce thought and the sense of justice into human affairs. He was not made a scholar to satisfy the newspapers or the parish beadles, but to serve God and man. While other men pursue what is expedient, and watch with alarm the flickering of the funds, he is to pursue the truth and watch the eternal law of justice.

But if this be true of the scholar in general, how peculiarly is it true of the American scholar, who, as a citizen of a republic, has not only an influence by his word and example, but, by his vote, a direct agency upon public affairs. In a republic which decides questions involving the national welfare by a majority of voices, whoever refuses to vote is a traitor to his own cause, whatever that cause may be; and if any scholar will not vote nor have an opinion upon great public measures, because that would be to mix himself with politics, but contents himself with vague declamation about freedom in general, knowing that the enemies of Freedom always use its name, then that scholar is a traitor to Liberty, and degrades his order by justifying the reproach that the scholar is a pusillanimous trimmer.

The American scholar, gentlemen, has duties to politics in general, and he has, consequently, duties to every political crisis in his country; what his duties are in this crisis of our national affairs I shall now tell you as plainly as I can. The times are grave, and they demand sober speech. To us young men the future of this country is intrusted. What names does history love and every honest man revere? The names of those who gave their youth and strength to the cause which is waiting for us to serve it.

The Duration of Human Life.—Although the Hebrew poet fixed our years at threescore and ten, or at the utmost fourscore, it is a comfort to know that we may add five or six years to the fourscore in this part of the world—the wear and tear of life being smaller in these temperate climates than under the glowing sun of Palestine. We find Blumenbach, in his *Physiology*, fixing on eighty-six as the limit of human life. On looking over European bills of mortality, he discovered that a considerable number attained this age, but that few exceeded it. By the Census of 1851, we find that in Great Britain 596,030 persons had passed the barrier of threescore years and ten—that 129,000 had passed fourscore—that 9,847 had lived ninety years and more—that 2,038 attained to ninety-five years, and that 319 had reached more than one hundred years of age—two-thirds of these centenarians being women. The average duration of human life, however, is only thirty-three years—one-quarter dying previous to the age of seven years, and one-half before reaching seventeen. In every 1,000 persons, only one reaches one hundred years—in every 100, only six reach sixty-five—and not more than one in 500 lives to eighty years of age. The married are longer lived than the single, and tall men, it is said, live longer than short ones; but we should imagine this to be mere conjecture. Women have more chances of life in their favour before fifty years of age than men, and fewer afterwards. Sir Henry Halford was informed by Baron Brunow that there was a level country of about one hundred leagues square, sloping to the south on the borders of Siberia, where a year rarely passed in the course of which some person did not die at the age of one hundred and thirty—from which it would seem that cold is favourable to longevity. Persons born in the Spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day. With regard to the hours most fatal to life, we learn from Mr. Timbs that there are two minima, namely, from midnight to one o'clock, when the deaths are 83 per cent. below the average; and from noon to one o'clock, when they were 20 3-4 per cent. below. From three to six o'clock, a. m. inclusive, and from three to seven o'clock p. m., there is a gradual increase, in the former of 23 1-2 per cent. above the average in the latter 5 1-2 per cent. The *maximum* of death is from five to six o'clock a. m., when it is 40 per cent. above the average; the next during the hour before midnight, when it is 25 per cent. in excess; a third hour of excess is that from nine to ten o'clock in the morning, being 17 1-2 per cent. above. From ten a. m. to three p. m. the deaths are less numerous, being 16 1-2 per cent. below the average; the hour before noon being the most fatal. From three o'clock p. m. to seven p. m. the deaths rise to 5 1-2 per cent. above the average, and then fall from that hour to eleven p. m., averaging 6 1-2 per cent. below the mean. During the hours from nine to eleven o'clock in the evening, there is a minimum of 6 1-2 per cent. below the average. Thus the least mortality is during the mid-day hours, namely, from ten to three o'clock; the greatest during early morning hours, from three to six o'clock.

INSTINCT OF ANIMALS.

From The Friends' Review.

To whatever part of the creation which surrounds us we direct our attention, whether to its physical or to its intellectual order and organization, we still find ourselves overwhelmed with wonders, all indicating the wisdom and benevolence of their Author; all tending to promote the happiness of the various races of animated nature. Among these wonders, the instincts with which these different races are, in various relations and degrees, imbued are not the least.

Jacob Taylor, a Chester County almanac maker, near the beginning of the eighteenth century, the county being then nearly a frontier settlement, tells a story of a flock of deer which occupied an island not otherwise inhabited. A herd of our domestic cattle were introduced into the island, but their presence gave no alarm to the deer. The bellowing of the bulls, however formidable it might seem to ears unaccustomed to the sound, did not in any degree disturb the tranquillity of the previous occupants of the soil. But at length a dog found its way to the island, on which the deer immediately took the alarm, and fled with precipitation. Why, then, inquires the almanac-maker, of a supposed philosophical friend who is represented as present, were the deer so intimidated by the sight of a dog, although they remained undisturbed by the presence of animals apparently so much more formidable? The philosopher answers that there is a sympathy between all ruminating animals to prevent hostility or the fear of hostility from each other. The almanac-maker, while seemingly assenting to the correctness of the explanation, shrewdly suggests a wonder, in which, no doubt, some of our readers may partake, how the deer could discover that the dog did not chew the cud as well as themselves. The sober truth seems to be—and here the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator are manifested—that those animals, whether ruminating or not, which live exclusively on vegetable food, manifest, while in their native state, no sign of hostility or fear of hostility towards each other. The deer manifests no more fear of a horse than of an ox. At the same time, these herbivorous animals appear, independently of experience or education, to entertain an instinctive perception that an enemy lurks in the carnivorous races. They therefore naturally flee from them.

The poet Cowper, in his account of the treatment of his tame hares, informs us that he introduced to the acquaintance of each other a hare and a spaniel, with a view of ascertaining whether there was any natural hostility between the races to which they respectively belonged. The experiment was made with great caution; and as the hare manifested no sign of fear, and the spaniel no symptoms of hostility, he concluded that the apparent antipathy between the dog and the hare is artificial, not natural. The dog, he says, pursues because he is taught so to do, and the hare flees because he is pursued.

If Cowper had been as shrewd a philosopher as he was interesting as a poet, he would probably have discerned that his experiment was made under circumstances highly artificial, and could therefore lead to no reliable conclusion with regard to the result of such an acquaintance, if formed in the forest, beyond the influence of man. The hare, nursed and protected as it had been by Cowper, had unquestionably lost much of its vigilant instinctive dread, and consequently was not likely to be alarmed when no hostility appeared. The dog, educated altogether as a domestic animal, had, no doubt, been always accustomed to look to his master for his daily food, and had probably never been subjected to the necessity of acting as his own butcher. It was, therefore, highly unnatural and improbable that he should commence a new trade till impelled by hunger. The dog and the hare were therefore partially educated for peaceful acquaintance before they saw each other.

That the dog, in his natural state, is exclusively a carnivorous animal will probably not be denied. The dog and the wolf are so similar in their nature that the latter, while running in his native forest, may be justly regarded as the type of the former, with similar propensities, and depending for support on similar means. Godman, in his Natural History, has produced evidence, which can hardly be disputed, that the dog and the wolf are, properly speaking, varieties of the same species, not animals of different races. Their mutual progeny differs in one essential characteristic from all hybrid animals that are known—it is not marked with sterility.

The innocent sheep appears the especial victim of the wolf, and the depredations sometimes made on the sheepfold by domestic dogs furnish evidence that it is education, not nature, which prevents the dog from more frequently glutting his appetite with the flesh and blood of the lamb. Indeed, of all the domestic animals, the dog stands conspicuous and comparatively alone for the change effected by education in his habits and propensities. Though, from his affinity to the wolf, the lamb would appear to be his special food, yet we often find him transformed by education to be the most efficient assistant to the shepherd in the protection of his flock. The shepherd's dog, in particular, furnishes a most reliable protector, either by day or by night, of the flock entrusted to his charge. A strange dog that may venture within his domain, is pretty sure to pay for his temerity by the loss of his life.

So susceptible, indeed, is the dog of change of habit from education that he is actually transformed from a carnivorous animal to one dependent entirely upon vegetable food. In the Highlands of Scotland, the dog and his master live alike upon oatmeal, prepared in the same manner and eaten out of the same vessel. Among all the races that are susceptible to domestication, as well as among those that are never subjected to the dominion of man, it is curious and interesting to observe how their instincts are blended in some degree with a species of ratiocination. The herbiverous animals appear, as already observed, independently of experience, to discover enemies in the carnivorous races; and the latter do not seem to require education or instruction in the selection of their prey. But we often find, strangely mingled with these instinctive perceptions, means resorted to for escape from danger, or expedients for securing their prey, which can scarcely be accounted for otherwise than by the employment of the reasoning faculty. Why does the hound, when he falls on the scent of his prey, if he happens to make a retrograde movement, immediately abandon it and pursue the proper course, but because the scent, if followed in a backward direction, grows fainter at every jump, thus indicating to a reasoning animal a greater lapse of time since the scent was impressed on the ground. The numerous instances of sagacity exhibited by the dog furnish testimony, which can hardly be disputed, that he is to a certain extent a reasoning animal.

The dog is only one among a countless number that may be justly reckoned, in some measure, reasoning animals. The elephant, in particular, so frequently exhibits evidence of the combining and comparing power that even Pope, with all his propensity to draw a strong line between reason and instinct, assigns to the elephant the character of a half-reasoning animal. The following anecdote which I have read, though I cannot recall my authority, seems to prove that this interesting animal is not only capable of ratiocination, but also of ingenious contrivance. An elephant, whose chain did not allow him the full range of his prison-house, was thrown a piece of money, which happened to rest at some distance within the wall of his prison, but beyond the reach of his chain. The sagacious animal, directing his trunk to a part of the wall immediately beyond where the piece of money lay, blew a strong blast, which, by its recoil, poured a current of air directly over the part of the floor where the money lay, and this current immediately drove the coin within the reach of his chain.

The following anecdote, from "Instinct Displayed," plainly indicates the exercise of the reasoning faculty by an animal not usually supposed to possess superior sagacity.

Two goats, grazing about the ramparts of Plymouth citadel, got drawn upon the narrow ledge of the rock, and one of them, advancing before the other till it came to an angle, was enabled to return; but on its way back, met its companion, which produced a most perplexing dilemma, as it was impossible for them to get past each other. Many persons saw them without being able to lend any assistance. After a considerable time, one of the goats was observed to kneel down with great caution, and crouch as close as it could lie, which was no sooner done than the other, with great dexterity, walked over it, and they both returned the way they came in perfect safety. And at Ardinglass, in Ireland, two goats, moving towards each other, over a precipice one thousand feet high, on a narrow ledge of the rock, were seen to extricate themselves from danger by a similar expedient.

As some of the instincts and propensities of the animal races are curiously moulded and improved by the education bestowed by man, it is interesting to observe how other instincts or the inferences drawn from them by the exercise of a reasoning faculty are, in some others, almost annihilated by domestication. From remote antiquity, the innocent lamb has been regarded as the type of unresisting and patient suffering. So destitute, indeed, does the sheep, in its domestic condition, appear of capacity or inclination to resist, by any combined efforts, the assaults of the carnivorous races, that it has been assumed by Buffon that the whole race must long ago have perished from the earth if it had not been taken under the protection of man. A little acquaintance with the subject, however, must convince us that this conclusion has been too hastily drawn. Dr. Hancock, in his Essay on Instinct, informs us that a sheep in a wild state manifests a strong propensity to associate for mutual defence. As in this condition the rams constitute about half the flock, they furnish, of course, a much larger proportion of warriors than in the domestic state. If the flock is threatened with an attack, the rams immediately form a line, placing themselves in front, somewhat in advance of the weaker members of the flock, and thus constitute a phalanx which even the larger animals of prey find it no easy matter to penetrate.

Among the wonders presented by the varied instincts of animals, it is particularly interesting to observe how large a share of these instincts and propensities may be rendered subservient to human purposes. When the Almighty bestowed upon man dominion over all the inferior races of animated nature, the means to establish this power as well as the authority were conferred. These means are found in the varied powers of the reasoning faculty. It is said that the bunched oxen of the Hottentots are taught to perform, in some measure, the duties of the shepherd's dog: "they are instructed to guard the flocks; which service they perform with dexterity, and defend them from the attacks of strangers and of rapacious animals."

That most useful of domestic animals, the horse, notwithstanding the almost endless variety of services which, under the direction of human reason, he is taught to perform, does, in reality, little more than exercise the power which he instinctively possesses almost from the instant of his birth. The colt requires no instruction, either from man or its parents, how to walk. He begins, when only a few hours old, to use his limbs, rather awkwardly, indeed, but in a manner essentially the same as that he is to practise through life. In his wildest and most playful gambols, he is only exercising and improving the powers of locomotion which, without instruction, he received from the hand of nature. And what does he ever accomplish, in the varied services in which he is employed, but exercise the instinctive power, moulded and modified, it is true, by human education, which he possessed from the day of his birth. He moves as he is commanded, either swiftly or slowly, carries a burden, or presses against an opposing obstacle; yet he is only exercising the instinctive faculty of locomotion. Still, a little reflection may convince us that if the amount of intellect possessed by the horse was much greater or much less than it is, he would answer the purpose of his owner less perfectly than he does.

To bring these desultory remarks to a close, it may be observed that as the instincts conferred upon the various animal races are evidently designed to promote the happiness of the whole, the dominion conferred upon man was certainly never designed to counteract this purpose, but, as far as human influence can extend, to promote it. It is, therefore, an evident part of the duty of man, as the delegated governor over the inferior races of animated nature, to render his government conducive to the great purpose of the promotion, not the destruction, of happiness among the subjects of his authority.

E. L.

STRUGGLES OF A FREE PRESS IN KENTUCKY.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF WM. S. BAILEY.

BY HIMSELF, FOR THE EVENING POST.

I was born in the State of Ohio. I am a cotton machinist, and steam engine builder by trade. Established a machine shop in Newport, Kentucky, on the lot where I now live, and which I purchased for a home residence in 1839. While engaged in the machine business, a Mr. Ryan commenced the publication of a small daily paper in that place, and called it *The Newport Daily News*. He continued the publication of it about six weeks, during which time I, with others, wrote some articles for his paper. He complained, after some of my articles were published, that they were too radically liberal for a slave State, and that they had injured his paper, and finally urged upon me to buy him out.

This was a new idea to me; the thought of an iron worker to lay down the hammer and cold-chisel, and to forsake the anvil and vice, and take up the pen, was a startling reflection to me. But I saw an independent press was needed for our place, and the mechanics and working-men of my acquaintance favoured the new idea; and not feeling satisfied that Mr. Ryan should say I had injured his prospects, I purchased his type and press at $650, and put them in the upper story of my machine shop, a large two-story frame building. I increased the size of the paper, and on the 7th day of March, 1850, we issued the first paper, placing for our motto the words, "Liberty and Equality."

This, with what I had before written, caused a sort of zealous inquiry amongst the officers of the law and Doctors of Divinity as to who this Bailey was and what he was about. We, however, gave the general news of the day and went on to encourage public improvements, industry and education; with now and then a good article, showing slavery to be the greatest curse to our general prosperity. (Newport is older than Cincinnati, but is a mere handful compared with the Queen City of free Ohio.)

We employed from seven to eight compositors, two reporters and a proof reader, the first year, and, during that time, all that would "take a jovial glass" and loiter away their time had money furnished them for that end, by our "sharp-sighted" opponents, who thought they saw a tornado of liberty brewing in territory consecrated to bondage and endless oppression, and took that plan to confuse and spoil the interest of our paper, leaving copy half set up and but little ready for the paper. This caused us to call the attention of our daughters and wife to the composing stick, who, with our own aid, managed to get the paper to press towards daylight in the morning on all such occasions.

Finally, when the craft began to find out that we could patch things together and bring out the paper at its regular time, a majority of them clubbed together and passed a resolution that the girls should not set type in the office, as it would injure the craft, and bring its members into contempt. We expostulated with them, and asked only for steadiness and punctuality on their part; and, at this time, found out they had been told that the paper did not fill the wishes of the leading men of Newport—that it opposed the institutions of the State (the "peculiar institution"), and that such a paper was not wanted there.

We soon found that it was useless to employ printers to be thrown into the hands of a wealthy faction and there tutored to defeat the object for which they were employed. So, after consulting our own family, we concluded it was time for us to pass a resolution also, which was "that no more printers should be employed in our office until the influence of our opponents was destroyed." Then girls and boys (four daughters and two sons), wife and self all "pitched in," to the number of eight, all told; leaving the machine-shop entirely to the care of a few hands until the work engaged was completed; after which, we found it expedient to shut it up altogether, having no time to direct the action of the workmen.

Meantime our little store, containing $800 worth of groceries, was completely run down, the income from the paper being small, owing to the active opposition of our opponents; for it was their custom to watch the advertisements every morning (obtained by our little daughter, then but ten years old), by going into Cincinnati, and stating to the advertisers that they, the influential Kentuckians, would purchase nothing from any house that advertised in the Newport *News*—that they (the advertisers) were indirectly at war with the most respectable and wealthy citizens of Kentucky by supporting such a sheet, and that they would find it to their interest to have nothing to do with it.

This course of action was mortifying to us, and we resolved to issue a weekly paper also, to let the country people know something of the actions of these heartless men. So, on the 4th of August, 1851, having obtained about fifty subscribers, we issued *The Kentucky Weekly News*, in which, as well as the daily paper, we showed up the actions of lazy drones and despots by name, and contrasted them with the industrious working-men of our State. This drew out the sunburnt masses with hardened hands from the sleek and ruddy faces of ease and leisure, and caused them to stand upon the side of Bailey, their fellow-workman and unfliching advocate of equal rights.

The next thing was to try the law of *might* against *right;* but in this they soon found they would be overpowered in numbers, and they shrank from the encounter. What to do they could not tell. "The d——d fools would continue to read Bailey's paper," and another press must be brought to bear against him; this was the word from the "upper ten." The weekly paper had increased its circulation, from the 4th of August to the 6th of October, to about three hundred, and about 1 o'clock of that morning (6th of October, 1851) the whole concern was in flames, having been set on fire in the night by some base incendiary.

Not only the first type and press purchased of Ryan were lost, but a new font and a new press for the weekly sheet, amounting to $1,600 in addition; which, with the machine-shop, blacksmith shop and screw machinery, were all destroyed, and my lot, with a handsome grape bower and valuable fruit trees, &c., all laid waste to the cattle and hogs in the town. Then were deep anguish and sorry hearts in my family. Our clothing and bedding nearly all destroyed; for, having to work night and day, we were obliged to have our bedding in the office to take rest when we could.

On the same morning, after sunrise, while the blue vapour was rising through the beds of burning coals, came Mr. Samuel Pike, editor of the Maysville (Ky.) *Flag*, a strong pro-slavery man, in company with some of his friends. They viewed the ruins awhile, and then walked off up town, with a subscription paper to raise $1,000 to bring his press, &c., from Maysville to Newport, to build himself up upon my ruins. As soon as this was ascertained, it increased the sorrow and indignation of my friends, and they came and consulted with me, and I agreed to start again with their aid. So they raised me $517 in cash within four days, which I paid on the purchase of two new presses, larger than the others, and a sufficiency of type, job letter, &c., amounting to $2,000. This we put into the house where we lived, and got started again in six weeks after the fire; and in a day or two after that, Mr. Pike started his pro-slavery battery (a Daily and Weekly also) against me.

The conflict was sharp and the excitement great, but in three short months his paper and his friends turned against him indignant, and refusing to pay the money they had subscribed, the lack of which had caused him to yield the ground. By this time two more of our daughters (little ones) became pretty active in setting type, and our paper continued to increase in circulation, but we could not make money fast enough to pay the debts then due on the type, and my notes found their way into the hands of my opponents, and the iron law was set in force against me. Friends were looked for in vain among the officers of the law, and my property (house and lot) was sold to pay the debts—for I was resolved not to give up the types and presses.

Pike finally went to Covington, in the adjoining County, and there continued his persecution by his paper. Another, called the *Star*, joined him against me, but both died out. The *Democratic Union*, another pro-slavery sheet in Covington, also died. Another was started against me in Newport, called the *Messenger*, in which all the pens of the Slave Power and lawyers combined were turned against me, but it only lived about eighteen months; it was a tri-weekly. We still continued our regular course of *reason* and *righteousness*, condemning the Slave Power by the perfidy of its own acts, and showing that it had no friendship in common with the toiling millions, white or black, and that they warred against themselves by encouraging ignorance, chains and slavery.

Another pro-slavery paper was started in Newport, called *The Roll*, a perfect fire-eater, in which heaven and earth were moved to gain a victory over the *News*, but it soon *rolled* overboard, and that ended the pro-slavery presses in Newport. There were two others started in Covington, the city joining Newport, Ky., on the west. One was called *The Garland* and the other *The American Sentinel*, both pro-slavery, but more mild; they, too, have gone to the tombs. In the meantime we were sued for $20,000 for telling the truth on a bad man (J. A. Piner, high sheriff of Campbell County, Ky.). He had taken money fraudulently, and came out of court without receiving *one cent* for his character. But it cost us $300 to defend the suit. These things, together with the new printing-house—one that they cannot burn down, and which cost $1,500—have kept us in the background, and crippled our efforts to set Kentucky free.

We have paid in costs, by the various suits brought

against me, about	$800
First type and press	650
Additional new type and press, before fire	1,600
The last new lot since the fire	2,000
Loss in buildings and tools by the fire	3,000
New Printing-house	1,500
	$9,550
In addition to this has been our yearly labour, say four years at $2,000	$8,000
	$17,550

We have now ten children that can set type. Three of the girls, I think, are without a superior for speed. All have tasted the effects of slavery, and feel resolved to banish it from Kentucky, and never cease to encourage its overthrow everywhere. We now issue twenty-eight hundred weeklies and five hundred dailies. Our own family is giving from fifty to sixty dollars a week, in labour, to the cause of freedom in the United States.

Wm. S. Bailey.

MRS. IDA PFEIFFER—LETTER FROM HUMBOLDT.

From the London Morning Star.

Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer, the celebrated lady traveller, who went twice round the world, is now again in London, on her way to Madagascar, into the interior of which she wishes to penetrate and explore. Her most recent travels extended over Germany, but she does not find in the civilized parts of the world the same interest as in the less cultivated regions. There, in the bosom of nature, undisturbed by the presence of man, she delights most.

On this her last visit to the European continent, some of the most distinguished men came forward, unsolicited, to do her honour. In Berlin and Amsterdam, the Society of Natural History conferred upon her their respective diplomas, and elected her an honorary member. The King of Prussia graciously invited her to his residence at Potsdam, and presented her with the golden medal of the Humboldt order for arts and sciences. The greatest living naturalist and philosopher, Alexander von Humboldt, exhibited in her favour the warmest friendship and admiration. As a token of the affectionate interest he took in her welfare, he presented her, on parting, with an autograph letter, of which the following is a literal translation:

"All those who, in different regions of the earth, preserve a remembrance of my name and affection for my works, I earnestly beg to receive, with friendly interest, and to aid with their counsels, the bearer of these lines, Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer, celebrated not only for the noble constancy that, amidst so many dangers and privations, led her twice round the globe, but, above all, for the amiable simplicity and modesty pervading her works, the truthfulness and philanthropy of her judgment, as well as the independence, and at the same time the delicacy, of her sentiments. Enjoying the confidence and friendship of this respectable lady, I blame her for, though I cannot refrain from admiring, that idomitable energy of character which she displayed wherever called—I should say, impelled by an unconquerable passion of exploring nature and the habits of the various human races. As the oldest living traveller, I feel a desire to offer to Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer this slender proof of my high and respectful esteem.

Alexander Humboldt.

"Potsdam City Castle, June 8, 1856."

Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer might justly be proud of so very flattering a testimony from one of the most eminent men living, but her modesty is equal to her good sense, tact, patience, perseverance, power of endurance and simple habits.

A special Providence seems to have watched over this extraordinary woman. She has been preserved amid untold dangers and perils of sea and land. That a delicate woman, unarmed, unknown and poor, with no prestige of aristocratic descent, without the magic of an ample exchequer, should twice have girded the world, unharmed and unscathed, and accomplish, unaided and single, what the most reckless man who scaled the bloody heights of the Alma might have shrunk from appalled, seems almost incredible.

Is this not an abundant testimony, then, that deadly weapons are absolutely unnecessary for protection? And may not nations learn from this fact, tested under the very longitude and lattiude of the earth, that if they were to confide in the protecting power of Providence and not in gunpowder, there would be an end of maintaining standing armies and men trained to the use of arms, which, perhaps, more than any other cause, provoke wars and bloody conflicts amongst mankind?

An irresistible impulse impels this wonderful lady to wander over God's vast and beautiful world, and to visit the great variety of the races of men. Not the least wonderful part of her adventures is the way in which she communicates with the various peoples, some of whom she found in the least developed stage of nature. For she is assisted by an extraordinary power of expressing her wants and thoughts by mimicry—a kind of natural language of universal interpretation.

It might be imagined that, in order to perform such stupendous travels, Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer must be in possession of a large fortune, whereas her only pecuniary resources are vested in the produce of her literary works. When in this way a modest sum has accumulated in the hands of her publishers, she again sets out to visit some unexplored part of the world, to return when her means are exhausted.

Several editions of her works, translated into the English language, have found extensive public favour in England and America. Her last travel round the world, by far the most interesting of her literary productions, has been edited by Messrs. Orme and Longmans.

She is now waiting to meet with a suitable vessel to carry her to the Cape of Good Hope or to the Mauritius, and thence to Madagascar. May her wishes be fulfilled, and may the same good fortune which hitherto accompanied her, follow her in her future travels, and in due time procure us again the pleasure of another of her very interesting and instructive descriptions of foreign countries and peoples.

Ruskin on Shakspeare and Dante.—The following note of Ruskin on Shakspeare and Dante is profound and valuable:

"Shakspeare almost always implies a total difference in *nature* between one human being and another; one being from the birth pure and affectionate, another base and cruel; and he displays each, in its sphere, as having the nature of dove, wolf, or lion, never much implying the government or change of nature by an external principle. There can be no question that in the main he is right in this view of human nature; still, the other form of virtue does exist occasionally, and was never, as far as I recollect, taken much note of by him. And with this stern view of humanity Shakspeare joined a sorrowful view of Fate, closely resembling that of the ancients. He is distinguished from Dante eminently by his always dwelling on last causes instead of first causes. Dante invariably points to the moment of the soul's choice which fixed its fate, to the instant of the day when it read no farther, or determined to give bad advice about Penestrino. But Shakspeare always leans on the force of Fate, as it urges the final evil; and dwells with infinite bitterness on the power of the wicked, and the infinitude of result dependent seemingly on little things. A fool brings the last piece of news from Verona, and the dearest lives of its noble houses are lost; they might have been saved if the sacristan had not stumbled as he walked. Othello mislays his handkerchief, and there remains nothing for him but death. Hamlet gets hold of the wrong foil, and the rest is silence. Edmund's runner is a moment too late at the prison, and the feather will not move at Cordelia's lips. Salisbury a moment too late at the tower, and Arthur lies on the stones dead. Goneril and Iago have on the whole in this world, Shakspeare sees, much of their own way, though they come to a bad end. It is a pin that Death pierces the king's fortress wall with; and Carelessness and Folly sit sceptred and dreadful, side by side with the pin-armed skeleton."

Lord Stanford told Moore that Lady Caroline Lamb, in a moment of passion, had knocked down one of her pages with a stool. "Well," said the poet, "it is nothing uncommon for a literary lady to *double down a page*."

Duty is above all consequences, and often, at a crisis of difficulty, commands us to throw them overboard. It commands us to look neither to the right nor to the left but straight onward.

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